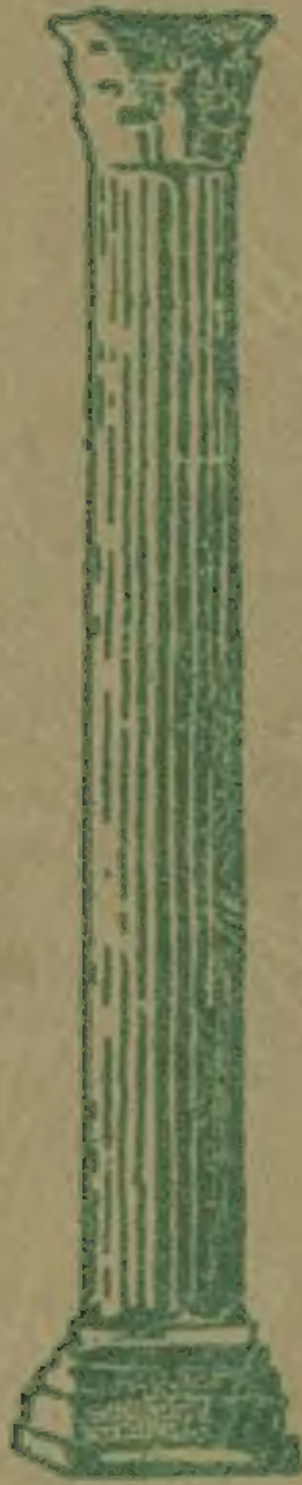


Ms. of Alice Murphy

THE FORVM



COMMENCEMENT

1934

THE FORVM

*This, the June issue of The Forum, is
respectfully dedicated, in recognition of
their loyal support and unselfish
service, to*

MISS PIERCE AND MISS RANSOM

*who are retiring from the faculty of
the Lockport High School*

1934



MISS PIERCE



MISS RANSOM



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THE FORVM

PRO BONO SCHOLASTICO

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OF LOCKPORT HIGH SCHOOL

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CLASS OF 1934

HONOR STUDENTS

First Honor

RICHARD A. HILDERMAN
"Dick"—"Rick"

Course—College Entrance Arts
Next Year—College.
Ambition—See Funk and Wagnall's Dictionary.
N. R. A. Essay Prize 4; Interclass Basketball 1; Junior Class 3; Senior Class 4; Hi-Y 4.
He that cannot think is a fool;
He that will not, is a bigot;
He that dare not, is a slave.

Second Honor

MARGARET CAMPBELL
"Marge"—"Maggie"

Course—College Entrance Arts
Next Year—College.
Ambition—To be a lady-hermit.
Interclass Basketball, Baseball 1, 2, 3;
Choral Club 1; Girl Reserves 4;
Senior Class Secretary first term 4.
Would'st thou surround the hut with
bushes of green?

Third Honor

MARY POUND

Course—College Entrance Science
Next Year—Cornell.
Ambition—To have Culbertson ask me how to bid.
Choral Club 2; Girl Reserves 4; Interclass Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Junior Class; Senior Class; Interclass Baseball 2, 3.
We hope you'll fulfill the contract.

Fourth Honor

CATHARINE CORSON
"Cocky"—"Kitty"

Course—College Entrance Arts
Next Year—College.
Ambition—To sic my dog on Betty's home for stray cats.
Girl Reserves 2, 3, 4; Junior Class 3; Dramatic Club 2, 3, 4; Treasurer 4; Forum Staff 3, 4; Dramatic Club Play 4; Senior Class 4.
A martyr to a noble cause!



CLASS OFFICERS

President

WILLIAM M. FOLGER—"Bill"
Course—College Entrance Science
Next Year—University of Michigan or Illinois.
Ambition—To permanently dispose of regents.
Junior Band 1; Band 1, 2, 3, 4; Hi-Y 2, 3, 4; Debate Teams 2, 3, 4; Junior Play 3; Senior Play 4; Dramatic Club 3, 4; Forum Staff 2, 3, Business Manager 4; Junior Class 3; Senior Class President, first term 4.
Genius is eternal patience.

Vice-President

JEANNE A. UPSON
Course—College Entrance Arts
Next Year—Finishing School or College.
Ambition—To make Wimpy thrill at my proximity without the inducement of hamburgers.
Choral Club 1; Interclass Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Interclass Baseball 1, 2; Girl Reserves 1, 2, 3, 4, President 1; Dramatic Club 2, 3, 4; Forum Staff 3, 4; Corresponding Secretary 4; Junior Class 3, chairman ring committee; Senior Class 4, Vice-President.
Try, try, 'Teal you win!

Secretary

MARGARET CAMPBELL
"Marge"—"Maggie"
Course—College Entrance Arts
Next Year—College.
Ambition—To be a lady-hermit.
Interclass Basketball, Baseball 1, 2, 3; Choral Club 1; Girl Reserves 4; Senior Class Secretary first term 4.
Would'st thou surround the hut with bushes of green?

Treasurer

DONALD C. McALLISTER
"Don"—"Mac"
Course—College Entrance Science
Next Year—Undecided.
Ambition—To be myself.
Interclass Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Interclass Basketball 2, 3, 4; Hi-Y 4; Art Club 2, 3; Junior Class 4; Dramatic Club Play 5; Senior Play 5; Dramatic Club 5; Senior Class Treasurer First Term 5.
Why not an office job?

HAROLD ARGUE "Bud"

Course—College Entrance Science

Next Year—College (who knows?)

Ambition—To be jack of all trades.

Interclass Baseball 2, 3; L. H. S. Reserve Basketball Team 2, 3; Interclass Volleyball 2; Junior Class Senior Class 4.

Invent something to keep the curl out of hair!



RUTH M. BANNETT "Penny"

Course—College Entrance Arts

Next Year—Decided.

Ambition—"To be or not to be, that is the question."

Interclass Basketball 2, 3; Dramatic Club 3; Girl Reserves 4; Junior Class 3; Senior Class 4

To believe with certainty, we must begin with doubting



ANNABELLE BILLINGS

"Bunny"

Course—Stenographic

Next Year—?

Ambition—To live in a house with seven Gables.

Interclass Basketball 2, 3; Junior Class 3; Senior Class 4

And eat Clark bars?



ELIZABETH W. ARMSTRONG

"Betty"

Course—Academic

Next Year—Undecided

Ambition—To prove that dreams come true.

Interclass Basketball 1; Choral Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Art Club 5; Girl Reserve 4

Junior Class 3; Senior Class 4

A fast worker!



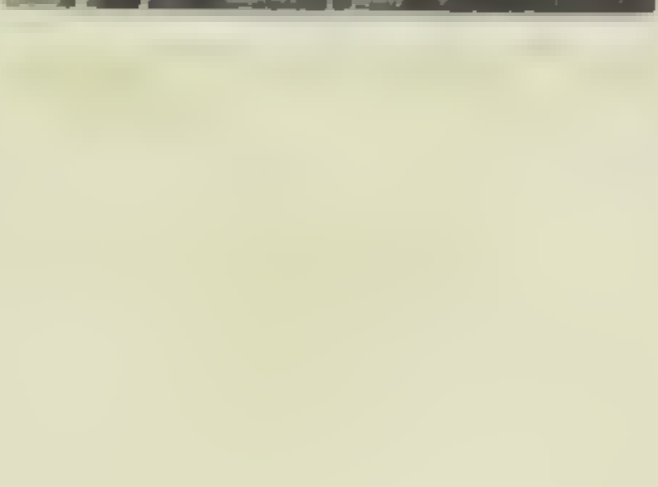
LOWELL BOISSEMIN—"Pete"

Course—Manual Arts

Next Year—United Paper Board.

Ambition—To hop abroad.

There's a good sale for hops.



RODGERS A. BRADLEY "Red"

Course—College Entrance Science

Next Year—Michigan.

Ambition—unknown.

Junior Class 4; Senior Class 5; Hi-Y 2, 3, 4, 5, Treasurer 4, President 5; Interclass Baseball 2, 3, 4, 5; Interclass Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 5.

If your going to Michigan, polish it well!

WILLIAM BUEHN—"Bill"

Course—Manual Arts

Next Year—New York State Ranger School

Ambition—To climb the highest mountain and roam the densest forest

Interclass Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Junior Class 4, Senior Class 4

The Boy Scout became a ranger!



MARION BURNS

Course—College Entrance Arts

Next Year—Oh, Paris would do

Ambition—To find the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow

Interclass Basketball 2; Junior Class 3 or Class 4; Art Club, Vice-president 4

We're off the gold standard anyway



BERTHA CHRISTMAN—"Bert"

Course—College Entrance Science

Next Year—Undecided

Ambition—To keep turned to the stars with my hands on the wheel and a smile on my lips.

Interclass Basketball 2, 3; Girl Reserves 1, 4; Junior Class 3; Senior Class 4

A thing of beauty has joy rides forever



MARGARET CONWAY—"Peg"

Course—College Entrance Arts

Next Year—Coll.

Ambition—My ambition is to win a fight just once with those who are always right—i.e.;— Scarpin, Noble, and Ransom.

Interclass Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4. Secretary 1, 3, President 4; Debate Club 4; Dramatic Club 4, Senior Play 4, Forum Staff 3, 4; Junior Class 3; Senior Class 4

We'll hold her for ransom!



FRANK L. CORICA—"Hank"

Course—College Entrance Science

Next Year—College?

and the

Interclass Basketball 2, 3; Interclass all 2; Interclass Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Junior Class 3; Senior Class 4

Praise the sea, but keep on land!



CATHERINE M. CRAMER

Course—College Entrance Arts

Next Year—College.

Ambition—To be clever enough to be myself.

Interclass Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Girl Reserves 1, 2, 3, 4, Vice-president 4, Forum Staff 3, 4; Choral Club 1, Dramatic Club 2; Junior Class, Senior Class



ANNE ANDERSON

and the

Course—College Entrance

Next Year—Atlantic Union College

Ambition—To find what I am after.
Junior Class 3; Interclass Basketball 3; Forum Staff 3, 4; Dramatic Club 4; Senior Class 4.

Never idle a moment, but thrifty and thoughtful of others.



EDITH DEAN—"Edie"

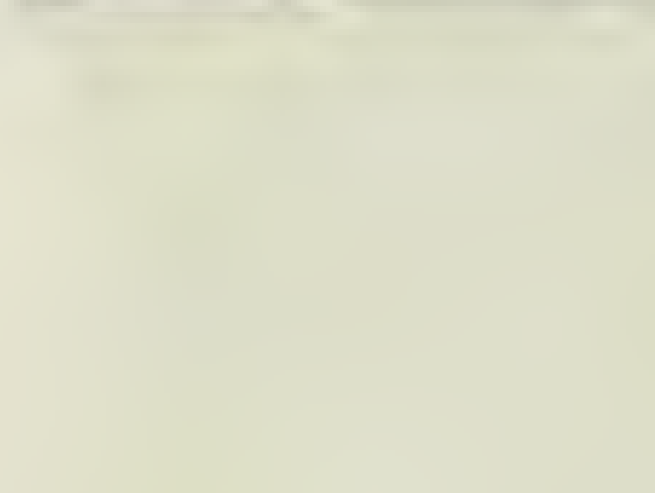
Course—College Entrance Arts

Next Year—Somewhere between here and Shanghai.

Ambition—"To live in a house by the side of the road where the race of men go by; The men that are good and the men that are bad; as good and as bad as I."

Junior Class Art Club, Secretary 4, Senior Class 4

An artist can always draw happiness.



ALAN DeMARCO

Nickname—"Hunchie"

Course—College Entrance Science

Next Year—Undecided

Ambition—To be the next Sousa

Band 1, 2, 3, 4; Orchestra 1, 2, 3; Glee Club 1, 2; Football 1, 2; Interclass Baseball 2, 3; Interclass Volleyball 1; Senior Class 4

Match on, and on, and on!



MARY V. ARON

Course—College Entrance Arts

Next Year—College

Ambition—Skip it!

Choral Club 1; Junior Class

Girl Reserves 1, 2, 3, 4

1, 2, 3, 4

Send enough rope—and he'll want to skip!



CARL DICKINSON—"Dick"

Course—College Entrance Science

Next Year—?

Ambition—In promulgating my esoteric cogitations to beware of platitudinous ponderosity

Junior Class 3; Interclass Baseball 3, 4; Senior Class 4; Senior Play 4

herant megalomaniac, frustrates its own aim and results merely in abdication



KATHERINE ALICE DOYLE

College Entrance Arts

Post Graduate?

Ambition—Should like to rise and on which the golden apples grow.

Junior Class 3; Interclass Baseball 3, 4; Senior Class 4; Senior Play 4

Applesauce!



SUSAN L. FEEBERGER

—making

Next Year—General Hospital

Ambition—To be tall and slender and a good body mender (surgical nurse)

Girl Reserves 3; Interclass Baseball 2, 3, 4; Interclass Volleyball 2, 3, 4;

1, 2, 3, 4; Junior

Senior Class 4; Band 1, 2

1 Home Economics Club 4

No liv'd our sires, ere doctors learn'd to kill and multiplied with theirs the weekly bill

EMIL C. EGLIN—"E"

Course—Bookkeeping

Next Year—Can't see it!

Ambition—To play a saxophone instead of trying to play one and then have sax appeal.

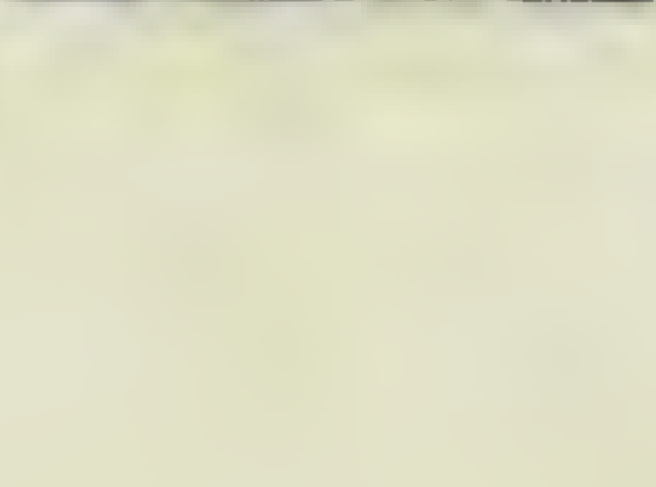
1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4;

1, 2, 3, 4; Concert Or-

chestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Junior Class 3; Senior

Class 4

Saxophone—An ill wind which nobody blows good



ELVA VAN ZANDT

Course—Bookkeeping.

Next Year—You guess for a change.

Ambition—I'm keeping in mind the Idea of March

Interclass Basketball 3; Junior Class

Senior Class 4

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff

MARY FARLEY

Course—College Entrance Arts

Next Year—College, I hope

Ambition—To live in a small town
and eat apples every day

Interclass Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Assistant
Manager Football 2, 3, 4; Choral Club 1,
Junior Class, Secretary 3; Senior
Class 4; Senior Play 4; Dramatic
Club 2, 3, 4

FREDERICK C. FFL

Course—College

Next Year—?

Ambition—To be a General in the

Interclass Softball 1, 2, 3, 4

Baseball 1; Junior Class 3;
Class 4.

Cheese it!

J. HOWARD FITZGERALD

"Fitz"—"Fitz-Howard"

Course—Bookkeeping

Next Year—

Interclass Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Assistant
Manager Football 3; Basketball 3,
Manager Basketball 4; Interclass
Volleyball 2; Interclass Basketball
2, 3; Junior Class 3; Hi-Y 4;
Senior Class 4.

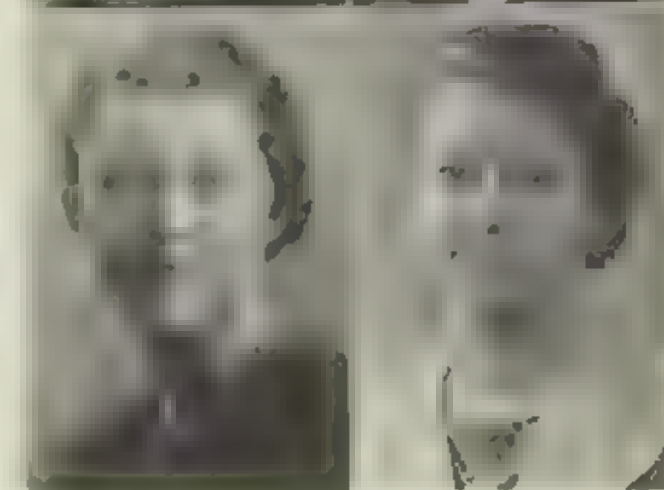
ELLEN ANGELO

Course—College Entrance Arts

Next Year—Art

Ambition—To
Cocky's dog.

Interclass Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Inter-
class Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Girl Re-
serves 1, 2, 3, 4; Choral Club 1, 2,
3, 4; Operetta 2, 4; Dramatic Club
2, 3, 4, Vice-president, first term,
President, second term 4; Dramatic
Club 1, 2, 3, 4, Debate Club 4; Inter-
class Debate Team 4; Forum
Senior Play 3; Junior Class
Senior Play 4; Senior Class 4
She speaks for



ELIZABETH GIBBS

"Bet"—"Gibb"

Course—College Entrance Arts

Next Year—??

Ambition—To be a Physical Train-
ing Instructor.

Interclass Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; In-
class Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Volley-
ball 1, 2; Choral Club 1, 2; Junior Class
3; Senior Class 4.

Ambition has no rest!

ROSE SHIRLEY GOUGH

"Shirl"

Course—College Entrance Science

Next Year—Post Graduate.

Ambition—To climb high and not fall.

Girl Reserves 4; Junior Class 3;
Senior Class 4

Fall for who?

DOROTHY F. P. GREGORY

"Dot"—"Dottie"

Course—College Entrance Science

Next Year—Follow my nose.

Ambition—To fall heir to suc-

Interclass Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4;
Interclass Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4;
1; Junior Class 3; Senior Class 4
Why not marry it?

ELLEN ANGELO

"Arle"

Course—College Entrance

Next Year—That which is every-
body's business is no body's business.

Ambition—To be loved by loving and
being lovable.

Choral Club 1, 2, 3, 4, 5; Junior Class
3, 4; Senior Class 5.

O, Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art
thou, Romeo?

LEON HIGHHOUSE

"High"—"Lee"

Course—General

Next Year—University of Michigan.

Ambition—To get out of the habit of doing it.

Senior Class 4

In an ocean of dreams without a sound



E. JEAN HUGHES

Course—Enographic

Next Year—Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof

Ambition—To be like a postage stamp, you always get somewhere by sticking to the same thing

Art Club 1; Interclass Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Interclass Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Girl 3; Junior Class 3; Senior Class 4

Stick to it!



WILLIAM H. HARRIS

Course—College Entrance Science

Next Year—College

Ambition—To be a sailor and sail the ocean blue.

Interclass Baseball 3, 4; Track 3, 4; Basketball Reserves 4, 5; Council 5; Junior Class 4; Senior Class 4

Mill'ing around!



GERTRUDE A. KOLBOW

Gertie

Course—College Entrance Science

Next Year—Normal

Ambition—To be a chete gun in Miss Gertie's Class

Interclass Basketball 2, 3; Interclass Volleyball 3; Interclass Baseball 2; Junior Class 3; Senior Class 4.

We nominate you for the Hall of Flame!



JANE A. LaFETRA—"Red"

Course—College Entrance Science

Next Year—Post Graduate.

Ambition—To play "Yankee Doodle"

Interclass Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Interclass Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Junior Class 3; Senior Class 4

It's a long way to go

EDWARD J. LINNEY

Course—College Entrance Science

Next Year—College

Ambition—To be editor of the Olcott newspaper

Interclass Basketball 1, 2, 3; Dramatic Club 2, 3, 4; Dramatic Club Play Junior Class 3; Senior Class 4

A pleasing countenance is no small advantage

MARION LINNEY—"Aime"

Course—College Entrance Arts

Next Year—The crystal is clouded o'er. I wish I could tell you more.

Ambition—May at least one person Oh, there is one I'd like

Latin Club 1; Interclass Basketball 1, 3; Interclass Baseball 1; Girl Reserves 1, 2, 3; Chor. Club 1, 2, 4; Junior Class 3; Senior Class 4

We're sure you'll find him!

IDA MARIE MAROTTA

Ida

Course—College Entrance Science

Next Year—I hope

Ambition—"To bring light where there is darkness"

Junior Class 3; Senior Class 4; Interclass Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Interclass Baseball 1, 2, 4; Interclass Volleyball 1, 2, 3; Girl Reserves 4

As long as you don't bring light where they want darkness.

LULU M. MCKEE

Course—

Next Year—P. G. at L.H.S.

*Ambition—To learn to like
that I don't like now*

Interclass Basketball 1; Art Club 1
2, 4; Junior Class 3; Senior Class
4; Girl Reserves 1, 2, 3.

She's likeable!



MARION EDITH MUIRHEAD
"Marny"

Course—Academy

Next Year—Time will only tell

*Ambition—To be a good team
a good loser. But win or lo
play the game*

Interclass Volleyball 1, 2, 3; Inter-
class Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Interclass
Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Girl Reserves
3, 4; Art Club 4; Treasurer 4;
Marionette Club 4; Dramatic Club
4; Camera Club 4; Junior Class 3;
Senior Class 4

That points to success!

MARIE MULLIGAN—"Murf"

Course—Bookkeeping

Next Year—Post Graduate Course

*Ambition—To cook an eight course
dinner on a mountain range.*



Interclass Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Interclass
Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Girl Reserves
3, 4; Art Club 4; Treasurer 4;
Marionette Club 4; Dramatic Club
4; Camera Club 4; Junior Class 3; Senior
Class 4

A person with such lovely blue eyes
won't have to cook

ROBERT W. MCCARTHY
"Butch"

Course—Manual Arts

Next Year—University of Michigan?

Ambition—To

Football 1, 2, 3, 4; Interclass Base-
ball 2, 3, 4; P.

Nothing succeeds like success



MARJORIE McINTYRE "Marge"

Course—Stenographic

Next Year—Undecided

*Ambition—To do something that
someone else hasn't done.*

Interclass Baseball 2, 3; Interclass
Basketball 2, 3; Junior Class 3;
Senior Class 4

Be yourself!



DELBERT "Del"

Course—College Entrance Arts

Next Year—Syracuse University

*Ambition—To always remember and
keep the memory of high school*

Girl Reserves 1, 2, 3, 4; Interclass
Basketball 1, 2; Choral Club 1;
Interclass Baseball 1; Junior Class
3; Senior Class 4.

Memories are oft' sweeter than act-
ualities

FLORENCE NACHTRIEB
"Fuggie"

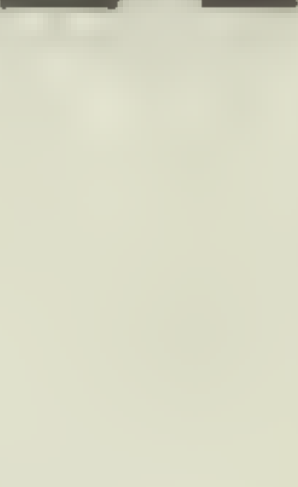
Course—Stenographic

Next Year—Who knows ???

Ambition—Must I tell? It's a secret.

Camera Club 4; Art Club 1; Inter-
class Baseball 1, 2; Interclass Bas-
ketball 1, 2; Junior Class 3; Senior
Class 4.

Search!



ANN MARGARET NAPOLI

Naps' Napoleon"

Course—Commercial

Next Year—Post Graduate Course

Ambition—To help Miss Helwig carry her k

Interclass Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Interclass Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Interclass Volleyball 1, 2, 3; Senior Girl Reserves

Faithfulness is the keystone to success

NAOMI A. NELSON—"Tedo"

Course—Five Year College Entrance Arts

Next Year—College

Ambition—To find a cure for blash

Interclass Basketball 1; Choral Club 1; Girl Reserves 2, 3, 4, 5, Secretary 5, Junior Class 3, 4, Senior Class

Don't talk about such things!

ELIZABETH M. NIEMAN

"Betty"

Course—Stenographic

Next Year—Forget my homework worries

Ambition—To be an "Old Maid

Girl Reserves 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, Interclass 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, Junior Class 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, Senior Class 1, 2, 3, 4, 5

Interclass Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, Interclass Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, Interclass Volleyball 1, 2, 3, 4, 5

At least the desire isn't Wayning!

ANN NOLAN

Course—Arts

Next Year—1935,

Ambition—To be a hermit,

Editor of the Forum 4

With trimmings??



LETTY JUPP OLSON

"Just Betty"

Course—College Entrance Arts

Next Year—Post Graduate (?)

Ambition—To have an ambition.

Interclass Basketball 1, 2, 3; Choral Club 1; Girl Reserves 1, 2, 3, 4; Junior Class 3; Senior Class 4; Interclass Baseball 1; Latin Club 1

These efficiency experts!

JANET R. OTTO—"Janey"

Course—College Entrance Arts

Next Year—?

Ambition—To be the original "bitzy girl."

Interclass Basketball 2; Girl Reserves 1, 2, 3, 4; Junior Class 1; Senior Class 3; Senior Class 4

Fly away, birds; but beware of Hawks!

FRANCA PERRY

Course—Arts

Next Year—School of Dramatic presentation

Ambition—To be "Fran"tically pursued

Girl Reserves 1, 3, 4; Dramatic Club 4, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, Junior Class 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, Senior Class 1, 2, 3, 4, 5

At least the desire isn't Wayning!

REBECCA ANN PERRY

Beck "Hopsy"

Course—College Entrance Arts

Next Year—State Teachers' College, Buffalo,

Ambition—Never to let life become monotonous and quiet and all the glory fade.

Girl Reserves 2, 3, 4; Dramatic Club 3; Junior Class 3

Interclass Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, Interclass Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, Interclass Volleyball 1, 2, 3, 4, 5

The paths of glory lead but to the grave."—Elegy on a Country Churchyard.

FRAN SPANZANO
—“Fran”

Course—College Entrance A
Next Year—College
Ambition—To explore the
Planets with Professor Wotam
Junior Class 3; Senior Class 4; Inter-
class Basketball 1, 2, 3;
Interclass
serves 4; Interclas
Curiosity—the woman's vice

SARAH G. PUSAT

Course—Nursing School
Ambition—To do everything I wish
to do.
Interclass Baseball 1, 2, 3; Inte
Basketball 3; Dramatic Club
1; Girl Reserves 3, 4; Junior Class
Senior Class 4
She'll get her Bill at the end of the
month

DOROTHY A. ...
“Do”

Course—College Entrance Science
Next Year—Buffalo General Hos-
pital
Ambition—Lackin
Latin Club 1; Choral Club 2; Junior
Class 3; Senior Class 4
We never suspected it

DORIS G. RICHMOND—“Rissy”

Course—Stenographic
Next Year—Let tomorrow take care
of itself
Ambition—To go and come and al-
ways have fun
Interclass Basketball 1, 2; Interclass
Baseball 1, 2; Daisy Girl 1; Junior
Class 3; Senior Class 4.
Giggle Wiggle, Wiggle, Wiggle!



FRANCIS C. RIEGER—“Fran”

Course—General
Next Year—Post Graduate?
Ambition—To invent a refrigerator
door that can be opened and closed
without detection
Junior Class 3, Senior Class 4
A wonderful idea!

CLEAVES ROGERS

Course—College Entrance Science
Next Year—Hamilton College
Ambition—She comes to about my
shoulder
Band 1, 2, 3, 4; Hi-Y 2, 3, 4.
So sweet the blush of bashfulness
Even pity scarce can wish it less!

JOHN A. SAMPSON

Course—Bookkeeping
Next Year—Get a job.
Ambition—To be able to live on my
own
Senior Class.
Independence now; and Independence
forever.

ANTHONY J. SCALZO—“Tony”

Course—College Entrance Science
Next Year—College
To have Wimpy Wellington
present at a Duck Dinner and
have him bring the ducks
Junior Class 3; Senior Class 4
Interclass Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Inter-
class Basketball 1, 2, 3; Volleyball
Band 1, 2, 3, 4, Symphony Or-
chestra 1, 2, 3; Concert Orchestra
Junior Class 3; Senior Class 4.
Joe Penner's got a duck!

THOMAS WM. SCHUSTER
"Tom"

Course—Commercial

Next Year—? Probably work

Ambition—To be Bing Crosby's under study.

Junior Class 3; Senior Class 4

Bing—Boom—Dead!



ANTHONY SCIRTO—"Tony"

Course—General Course For Boys

Next Year—Who knows?

Ambition—To be a general adviser

Interclass Baseball 2, 3; Interclass Basketball 2

Run an "Advice to the Lovelorn" column



MARY C. SCOTT—"Curly"

Course—Stenographic

Next Year—To be independent

Ambition—To have a winning smile

Interclass Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Interclass Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Volleyball 3, 4; Girl Reserves 4; Junior Class; Senior Class

Smile and the world smiles with you
Knock and you go it alone
For a cheerful grin will let you in
Where a kicker is never known."



SAMUEL R. SEARING—"Sam"

Course—College Entrance Science

Next Year—I don't know yet where (she is going)

Ambition—To win my "Betts".

Interclass Baseball 1; Hi-Y 1, 2, 3, 4; Symphony Orchestra 1, 2, 3; Concert Orchestra 3; Dramatic Club 2, 3, 4; Forum Staff 3, 4; Inter-scholastic Debate Team 3, 4; Debate Club 3, 4; President 4; Operetta 2; Assembly Programs 2, 3, 4; Junior Class 3; Junior Play 3; Senior Class 4; Senior Play 4

Wil-son. You have a long way to go.



ARLENE SIMMONS—"Toots"

Course—College Entrance Arts

Next Year—Buffalo State Teachers' College.

Ambition—To be Miss Hight's potatoe eater

Interclass Basketball 2; Dramatic Club 2, 3, 4; Dramatic Club Play 4; Girl Reserves 1, 2, 3, 4; Junior Class; Senior Class.

Ho! Ho!

VENICE SMITH
"Venny"—"Smuthy"

Course—College Entrance Science

Next Year—Be a ~~teacher~~

Ambition—Yes, but what good will that do?

Junior Band 1; Junior Orchestra 1; Band 1, 2, 3, 4; Orchestra 2, 3, 4; Concert Orchestra 2, 3, 4; Dramatic Club 3, 4; Debate Club 4.

Interclass Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Secretary 4; Brass Quartet 1, 2, 4; Brass Sextette 1; Brass Quintet 1, 2; Commencement Orchestra 1, 2, 3; Junior Class 3; Senior Class 4.

A young man with such understanding!

MARY SPINNER—"M"

Course—Bookkeeping

Next Year—Buffalo City Hospital

Ambition—To be a nurse.

Junior Class; Senior Class.

But be a good one!

JOHN T. STACY—"Stacy"

Course—College Entrance Science

Next Year—Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute

Ambition—To polish loving cups!

Junior Class 3; Senior Class 4; Hi Y 1, 2, 3; Band 2; Glee Club 3; Forum Staff 3, 4; Business Manager Senior Play 4

Up-son. Ambition succeeds!

LOKAINI E. STEADMAN

"Ramy"

Course—College Entrance Arts.

Next Year—College?

Ambition—To be a football hero.

Interclass Basketball 1, 2; Interclass Baseball 1, 2, 3; Interclass Volleyball 1, 2, 3; Choral Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Junior Class 3; Senior Class 4; Latin Club.

One of her little weaknesses!



BETTY TIMKEY

Course—Stenographic

Next Year—Come up 'n' see me!

Ambition—To be chief laundress in a nudist colony.

Junior Class 3; Interclass Basketball 1; Senior Class 4; Girl Reserves 1, 4

Not enough to talk about!



ANITA L. STEWART—"Sukey"

Course—College Entrance Arts

Next Year—Geneseo State Normal

Ambition—To conduct a sight-seeing tour to Topeka.

Interclass Baseball 1, 2, 3; Interclass Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Choral Club 1; Girl Reserves 1, 2, 3, 4; Junior Class 3; Senior Class 4

To peek at what?



WILLIAM H. SWIFT—"Bill"

Course—Manual Arts

Next Year—Post Graduate

Ambition—To sell Joe Penner a duck

Interclass Baseball 4; Junior Class 3; Senior Class 4

Why not go up to Wumpy's with it?



ELLEN E. TAYLOR

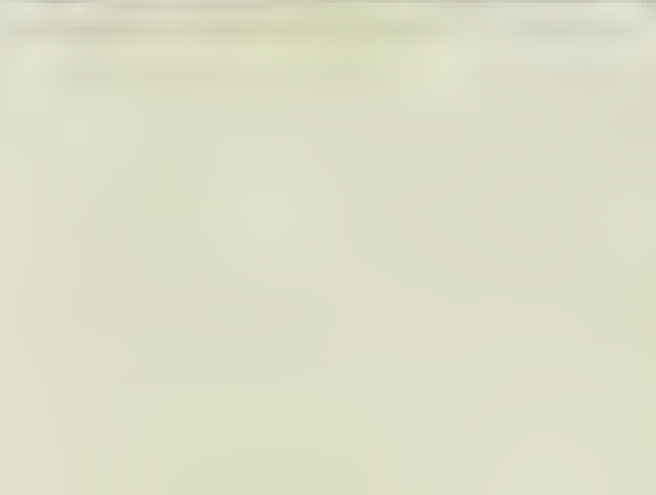
Course—College Entrance Arts

Next Year—Rochester University

Ambition—To ride on the tail of a comet.

Interclass Baseball 1; Latin Club 1; Interclass Basketball 1, 2; Girl Reserves 4; Junior Class 3; Senior Class 4.

Nothing like being taken for a ride!



FENNELL TRACY

Course—College Entrance Science.

Next Year—?

Ambition—To go to college and have a complete stamp collection

Junior Class 3; Senior Class 4

He bears our stamp of approval



W. JAMES TROTT—"Jim"

Course—College Entrance Science

Next Year—In college, broke or bust

Ambition—To teach physics to Jambon

Symphony Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Choral Club 1, 2, 3, 4; "Butter Sweet" Association 1, 2, 3, 4; "At Sea"; Junior Class 4; Senior Class 5

Why not? You've helped everyone else!



MAUDE VEDDER

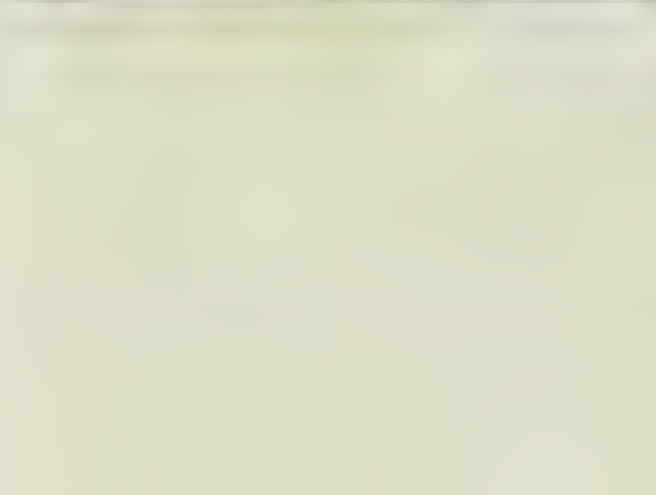
Course—General

Next Year—Post Graduate

Ambition—To acquire knowledge and then be able to apply it.

Art Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Senior Class.

She that hath knowledge spareth her words.



LILLIAN WASVARY -"Waste"

Course—Stenographic

Next Year—Post Graduate Course

*Ambition—*I am highly ambitious, so I'll be a pole-sitter.

Interclass Volleyball 1, 2, 3, 4; Interclass Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Interclass Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Junior Class 3; Senior Class 4; Art Club 1, 2, 3, 4

Lofty-minded!

WALTER H. WHYBREW

Walt

Course—Commercial

Next Year—Will soon be here.

Ambition—"Pleased to meet you."

Band 1, 2, 3, 4; Orchestra 1, 3, 4; Concert Orchestra 3, 4; Brass Section 2, 3, 4; Brass Quartet 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Football 3, 4; Interclass Basketball 1, 2; Interclass Baseball 2; Junior Class 3; Senior Class 4

L'amour, c'est Le Vee.

MARGARET JOY WILLIAMS

"Peggy"

Course—College Entrance Arts

Next Year—Rochester Mechanics Institute

Ambition Not fit to print

Junior Class 3; Senior Class 4; Forum Staff 3, 4; Girl Reserves 3, 4;

No print to fit

ALICE WILSON

Course—College Entrance Arts

Next Year—University of Rochester

*Ambition—*To be a garbage collector in Scotland

Interclass Football 1, 2, 3; Interclass Basketball 1, 2, 3; Girl Reserves 3, 4; Junior Class 3; Senior Class 4

You lazy girl,

With a dark brown curl;

Fair Douglas now should see

How out-of-luck he's going to be.



CLAIRE ELIZABETH WILSON

Betty

Course—Academic

Next Year—Any place but Lockport.

*Ambition—*To keep a home for Stray Cats.

Girl Reserves 1, 2, 3, 4; Dramatic Club 1, 3, 4; Forum Staff 4; Junior Class 3; Senior Class 4

Cats you will be rearing, calling them all Sammy or Searing.

THOMAS J. WINTER

"Tom"—"Tommy"—"Wint"

Course—Manual Arts

Next Year—?

*Ambition—*To get three blue cards the last day of school.

Junior Class 3; Hi-Y 3, 4; Forum Staff 3, 4; Senior Class 4.

Rachel, Rachel, I've been thinking!

ROBERT S. WOODBURN

"Bob"—"Red"—"Woodie"

Course—College Entrance Science.

Next Year—Who knows?

*Ambition—*To be able to tell people I have green hair

Interclass Volleyball 3; Junior Class 3; Senior Class 4.

A Safe Color?

MURIEL J. ZIMMERMAN

Course—College Entrance Arts.

Next Year—Training for a Nurse

*Ambition—*To head for once a list so fast, instead of always being last.

Interclass Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Girl Reserves 1, 2; Junior Class 3; Senior Class 4

And the last shall be first

And the first one often the worst



EUGENIA F. WHITMORE

"Jean"

Course -College Entrance Arts.

Next Year -College.

*Ambition -To be important enough to
be investigated by the Senate*

Basketball 2, 3; Junior Class 3.

Senior Class 4 Senior Play 4; Girl

Reserves 2, 3, 4

The Brain Trust is the place for you.

When Bryn Mawr you are safely
through

With Rex Tugwell and you too.

The Senate and Doc Wirt will find
plenty to do

TO THE CLASS OF 1934

All hail to you O Classmates ever true!

With joy complete I rise to greet anew

On this, the long expected day of grace.

The Class of Nineteen Hundred Thirty-Four,

Since soon you'll find and take your well-earned place,

Where many a class has been enrolled of yore.

The Class of Thirty-four began to form

When first was felt the great depression's storm.

Of other classes' splendor you had none,

Yet raised the standard of your class above

The records set by each preceding one,

And for your school inspired a greater love.

New honors and new laurels have you gained

To make the halls of Alma Mater famed

Of writers, speakers, actors you have gained

A few, who will by many gifted ones

Of all the world someday be highly praised,

Like other of our country's native sons.

O Classmates all, your ways will far be spread,

And nevermore, when summer leaves turn red,

Will studies start for you in Lockport High:

Let every one when autumn comes each year

Save just one thought for friends and days gone by

To help you keep your memories true and clear.

This Class to immortality is led,

As with a stately measured step you tread,

In cap and gown of blue with tuft of gold.

Yet may your lofty spirit never die

But lead you on to glories yet untold

That you may soon far greater odds defy.

—Eugenia F. Whitmore, '34.

by Walter Whybren

Page Twenty-Three

LITERARY

ON WITH THE NEW

HELEN GERBIE, '34

YOUNG Nate Rusk was certainly glad he'd won that money. There had been enough to pay for his ticket and a couple of dollars left. To tell the truth, he hadn't felt just right about betting on a horse race, but the fellows had dared him, and he wanted to show them he was game

Funny—the noise those wheels made. Seemed as if they droned, "Come back, Nate, come back . . .", and now they challenged, "Go on, Nate, go on . . ."

Yes, he was going on all right—on to New York—and then where? Well, at least he knew where he *wasn't* going, and that was back home, back to Rusk-ridge—not for a good while anyhow. He wasn't going to be one of these fellows

what did they call 'em—oh yes, these prodigal sons who crawl back home to keep from starving

A lot of the people at home thought he was pretty lucky because his great-grandfather had founded the town, because his father was the biggest lawyer in the county, because he lived in a big stone house on a hill and was going to Harvard in the fall . . . but all these people, they didn't know how set and obstinate his father was, how sort of lonely the big stone house on the hill had grown, and how he hated the thought of Harvard and dusty, moth-eaten law-books in an office, and another lawyer to carry on the practice

Well, there'd be no Harvard now—no law-books now—no practice for him—he guessed he'd made that clear to Rusk . . . that was something new calling his father "Rusk". Still, every-

one he knew called him Rusk, and plenty he didn't know too—it seemed to suit him some way

Why hadn't Rusk even tried to understand? Annapolis was just as good a place as Harvard. Better, probably. Oh yes, he realized that the Rusks had always been lawyers, but was that any reason why they always had to be—"ad infinitum" or something? Yes, he knew about the fine old family traditions too, but what difference did they make when a fellow hated the very sound of the word "lawyer"? Besides, he wasn't any good in public speaking—never had been—and that was practically all a lawyer did besides thinking up alibis. He couldn't do that either

He had set his heart on Annapolis long ago, but he hadn't dared mention it until this morning. He had told Rusk there wasn't any use in going to Harvard to study law if you knew you'd never make a lawyer. Right there Rusk had stopped him—"of course he'd go to Harvard"—how tired he was of hearing about the Rusks! It seemed pretty good to get away

Rusk hadn't seemed to care when he'd said he was leaving . . . told him to come back in time for college . . . maybe he hadn't believed him . . . maybe he would *not*

The tram was slowing up as it neared a sizable city, and then, with alternate gasps and shrieks as if slowly strangling, it had stopped before a smudgy, stuccoed station.

Tall, handsome, brown-eyed, Nate suspended his meditations to peer out

at his surroundings. He had been riding perhaps an hour, and in two more his goal would be reached.

On the west the Hudson was golden glass in the afternoon sun; regal, impassive, mighty sovereign. The greater part of the city stretched toward the east, and somehow—it reminded him of Ruskridge—home

He abruptly turned his eyes to scan the entering passengers. The first was a tall, furtive-faced individual in a black overcoat, his hat pulled over his eyes. He was carrying an obviously heavy black brief-case and could easily have been a desperate character. Nate thought with mingled awe and pleasure. Next came a non-descript woman with a whimpering, sticky child, and then a tall young fellow about Nate's own age who took the seat ahead of him.

During Nate's inspection of his new neighbor, the last of the passengers had taken their seats and the train with renewed choking recommenced its monotonous chant.

The blonde, crisply curling hair before him seemed to Nate a cheery invitation, and clearing his throat experimentally he remarked, "Fine weather, isn't it?"

The well-shaped head turned quickly and brilliant blue eyes examined the speaker. Then with a flashing smile the

boy replied in like vein, "Never better."

"Won't you switch the seat around? Seeing that we're both alone, we ought to do something about it."

In an instant they were facing each other, blue eyes gazing into brown. For a moment, both were somewhat at a loss for words. Finally the strange boy spoke, "My name's Jim White, formerly residing in the orphanage back there,

now on my way to join the Navy. What about you?"

Nate gasped. "That's it—what I wanted to do all along and didn't know it. I'll join the Navy too!" and he proceeded to tell his new friend simply that he and his father had had a disagreement. Then he hesitated. Why not wipe the slate clean . . . start his new life as somebody else . . . "Say, Jim, does your name mean a lot to you?"

he asked excitedly.

"Why no, not much. You see it's just a name they gave me at the Home. They found me on the steps when I was just a little kid. Seems like the stories you read about, doesn't it?"

"Tough luck, Jim," Nate paused a moment, reflectively. With a brother like this, things might have been different.

"Well, look now, fellow, what do you say to our changing names—just for the fun of it?"

"I say it would be great. From now on I am Nathan Rusk, and you are

THINGS

NAOMI NELSON, '34

*New things thrill me. Do they you?
A flower, fragrant, steeped in dew—
The fresh, young green of leaves in
spring.*

A bird just learning how to sing.

*Sweet things thrill me. Can't you tell?
The ringing of a melloe bell;
A garden's soft and sleepy grace,
Or—honey on a child's bright face.*

*But free things thrill me most of all:
The glory of a water-fall,
The sun in liquid waves of gold,
Woodland people not yet bold.*

*For though life is sometimes dull or cold,
And things are ever dying, old;
I make my way on swifter feet
Because of things—new, free, or sweet.*

plain Jim White." Characteristically, this smiling, blonde boy never thought to question his new friend's motives, and Nate understood this and respected him for it.

Several days later, two boys left New York Harbor on two different ships. One was Nathan Rusk from Ruskridge, tall, smiling, blonde. The other—plain Jim White, tall, smiling, brown-eyed, from an orphanage in a town along the Hudson.

♦ * ♦

Rusk was lonely. No one guessed it—a Rusk had always been one to hide his emotions—but, eating his solitary dinner, night after night, he had gradually realized just how lonely he was. At first he had been angry, had despised himself for a soft hearted old woman, but now that was past.

He wanted the boy back—but he was still proud—the Rusk had always been proud, often too proud—and Rusk was hanged if he'd make the first move.

It had been two years—he had had a note from New York after the boy had left: "Father, I am going to sea.

Although I can't go as an officer—that's what I wanted to do, you know—I'm on my own, at least."—That was all.

Two years of doing by himself—oh, occasionally he had gone out, but people asked so confoundedly many questions, and he saw that they pitied him.

No doubt the young fool was a handsome fellow now, strong, and browned by the sun—well, the Rusk had always been handsome, all of them. Where was the boy—why didn't he come home?

Every evening such thoughts had filled Rusk's mind, and now he had even taken to soliloquizing in the seclusion of his study.

Rusk was tall—taller than Nate, and although he had not yet reached sixty, his hair and moustache were snow-white—his eyes were dark brown, piercingly

sharp. He was Hawthorne, John Hay—he was completely himself, like no one else, ever.

"I'll send the boy to Annapolis when he comes home! Yes, by gad, I swear I'll do it—if he comes home."

Then one morning a telegram came from New York—

*Son injured stop ship in port at
time stop will arrive about 3:00
P.M.*

It was signed by the captain of the S. S. Transatlantic.

Rusk felt young again. The boy was coming home! But he was hurt—still it couldn't be so serious or they wouldn't move him. Only a few more hours.

The doorbell—brushing Timson aside, he flung open the door—an Indian squaw with a basket of wild flowers—he bought them all.

Would they never come? Hark—a siren—the ambulance of course—again he threw the door wide open—a stretcher—now they were bringing him up the walk—the steps—the stairs.

The driver and his assistant set the stretcher down in Nate's old room and gently lifted the still figure from it to the bed. "There y'are, sir, and the captain says to tell you he'll be good as ever in a couple of weeks. Why, what's the matter, sir? You ain't gonna faint, are ya?"

Rusk was deathly pale with excitement and better disappointment. Gasping he cried, "He's not my son—not Nate."

"Why, he must be, sir, Nathan Rusk, that's his name. Now I think of it, the captain told me he's been delirious since it happened this mornin'—kept askin' fer Jim White and sayin' he'd have to explain somethin'! The doc put him to sleep fer a while so's he—"

"Not Nate, not Nate," Rusk repeated slowly. "Then who is he and why have you brought him here?"

"I see there's some mistake, sir, but this young fella' goes by the name of Rusk, like I said—Nate Rusk. His ship docked this mornin', an' as I understand it he had a two weeks leave. He hadn't been gone more'n half an hour with one o' his buddies when they brought him back. Been hit by a car. Bruised up bad, but no bones broken. What'll I do with the boy now, sir?"

"He can stay where he is. There's room enough and to spare here." Rusk was recovering rapidly. "I'll get

captain, and I'm obliged to you for your trouble."

"No trouble at all," was the cheery response. "Good luck to you both, sir." In a moment, he and his speechless assistant had picked up the stretcher and left.

Against the doctor's protests, Jim had told the whole story the following day and insisted upon sending a message to Nate.—"I have been hurt and am at your home. Come here as soon as you can."

"As soon as you can" was three weeks later, and Nate, taller, browner, handsomer, had come back to find his father ready to listen, anxious to help.

The old Rusk would have been outraged at the exchange of names, but now, with a smile, he simply said, "You young fellows have been pretty lucky, I'd say. You could have had a good deal of troubles after changing those names." And he clapped each fondly on the back.

During his stay, Jim had been a fre-

quent visitor at the law office and displayed a keen interest in the profession. It had set Rusk thinking.

True to his word, he soon broached the subject of Annapolis. Nate was overjoyed but a little skeptical about qualifying for an appointment. Rusk reassured him. After all, one's clients, when sufficiently important, were frequently useful, especially when they happened to be Congressmen. And so it was settled.

But Nate was not completely self-

absorbed — What would become of ~~him~~ this sturdy, dependable fellow — this almost brother.

Rusk solved the problem.

"I've been watching the boy," he said slowly, "and he's a born lawyer. A few years at Harvard and some practical experience, and he'll be ready to carry on the practice." He gazed affectionately at his tall, bronzed son. "I'm going to be proud of my

boys."

"You're a prince, father," exclaimed Nate impulsively. "Let's tell him now."

Jim was overcome for a moment. "I can't tell you how much I — you see nobody has ever given me a second thought before. And then, you've been so fine that I —" His voice broke.

"None of that, boy, none of that. Now what do you say to this Harvard proposition?" Rusk, the new Rusk, could not conceal his eagerness.

With his brilliant smile Jim replied, "It's the greatest thing that's ever hap-

FUTILITY

HELEN GEBBIE, '34

*I fancied that God said to me—
"I give the world to you.
Do with it as you will."*

*I took the world.
I felt no great surprise at such a gift.*

*I built a mighty mansion overlooking all
the town.
And note I own three mansions, each
its predecessor's peer.*

*I have my cars, my dogs, I have
A hundred servants, yet
I almost wish
I had a son to take the world when I
am gone.*

pened to me, sir, and I accept on one condition—that when I've finished I can pay back every cent."

The lawyer was deeply touched.

"Spoken like a gentleman—and a Rusk," he said.

It was the highest compliment he could pay, and Nate, knowing, was glad.



LIMERICKS

There was a young fellow named Cleaves
Who thought he was all legs and sleeves
When he rose to recite
Sad was his plight
For he shivered and shook in the knees.

There was an old quirk from Shanghai.
Who had a delightful glass eye,
It flirted and rolled
But soon lost its hold
And fell in her mud-puppy pie.

There was a young maiden named Jess,
She attended the L. H. S.
One day she became bored
And in English she snored,
The outcome I'll leave you to guess.

There was a young girl named Gin
Who decided to go for a spin,
But her brakes didn't work
And she hit a young Turk,
So now she's repenting her sin.

There was a young girl in our school
Who slipped on an old wooden spool
She had quite a fall
For she's very tall
Now she watches her step as a rule.

There is a young girl named Gibbs
Whose jokes will tickle your ribs.
She tells them so fast,
You'd think they'd not last.
There's no one as good as her ribs.

There is a young girl named Gough
At whom not a person could scoff.
So we say to you all
If for her you don't fall,
Then you must be certainly off.

There is a young fellow named Joe
Of whom this much we all know:
For Janet he fell
He's under her spell,
But then he himself's not so slow.

There is a young girl named Jane.
Now this much is all very plain.
She has quite a yen
For a fellow named Ken,
And about her he's really insane.

There is a young artist named Dean
A better one no one has seen.
She draws such odd pictures
She'll mix you in mixtures
And make you laugh 'til you're green.

There is a young girl named Faatz
To school every morning she trots.
Did she get far
With that boy in the car?
We know not but we like her lots.

There is a young girl named Dot
Whom everyone likes quite a lot
No one can deny it
She's certainly quiet
And noisy she's certainly not.

There is a young girl named Jean
Although she is very serene
She seems to disturb
A fellow named Herb
He thinks she should go on the screen.

HI, SILVER LAKE

LORRAINE E. STEADMAN, '34

[*Characters: Mrs. Smith, middle aged woman. Bob, her son, about twenty years old. Mary, her seventeen year old daughter. Ruth, Mary's friend. Young man, Lady.*]

Scene: Small living room and dining room combined. The table is set for lunch. Mrs. Smith is seated at a small table, sewing. Enter Bob.

BOB—Hello Mom! Gee, I'm hungry. Got anything good for lunch? (*throws hat on a chair*)

MRS.—Well, son, wait and see.

BOB—(*dramatically*) Wait! Wait! You don't mean to say I've got to wait when I'm hungry enough to eat a bear.

MRS.—(*placidly*) Mary hasn't come home yet.

BOB—Where is she? (*saunters aimlessly about the room*)

MRS.—She went over to Mrs. Babbett's to take care of the children while Mrs. Babbett went to Buffalo. She's coming home to lunch.

BOB—Well, if she doesn't hurry up, she'll have a brother dead from starvation. (*picks up a piece of paper from a small table*) What's all this figuring about?

MRS.—Oh, that's Mary's. She was figuring up our finances, trying to find \$10 to go to Silver Lake with. You know her hunch are going, and she can go easily for \$10. But I told her I just couldn't find even five extra dollars. (*sighs*) Poor girl. She loves it there so much. This will be the first time in four years that she will not have gone.

BOB—Too bad. Now if I could get a better— Oh I don't suppose I should wish for a better job. I ought to be thankful I've got one. Just today Ted and Jim were let off indefinitely.

MRS.—Bob! You don't think you'll be let off, do you?

BOB—No telling, Mom. Oh here's Mary.

MARY—(*enter Mary*) Hello everybody! Been waiting for me?

BOB—I'll say we have and I'm dead.

MARY—Good! Then you won't be able to eat and I can have your share of the tomato bisque.

BOB—Like ducks you can!

(*Mrs. Smith all the time has been putting dishes on the table.*)

MRS.—Come, children. Lunch is ready.

(*all sit down at table.*)

MRS.—Why were you so late, Mary?

MARY—I stopped at Louise's house. I forgot it was lunch time. She has two new dresses, for Silver Lake, you know. She finds more excuses to get new clothes than I could in five years.

BOB—Huh! If you had the dough her father has, you'd be able to have a new dress every day in the year.

MRS.—Well children, we should be thankful we have a home and that Bob has a position.

BOB—What's so wonderful about Silver Lake, Sis?

MARY—Oh, Bob, it's just lovely. Silver Lake is beautiful. It is an oval shape and usually very, very blue. And rolling hills in the—

BOB—(*mockingly*) And the beautiful blue sky over head, with here and there a fleecy cloud. And angels playing their harps, and—

MARY—(*laughing*) Well, it is pretty.

BOB—What of that? So are some places along Lake Ontario.

MARY—Oh, but it's the Institute, the people you meet, the other Leaguers, you know. And the fun of finding out what other leagues do.

BOB—So it's all fun. Well, you can have fun right here at home.

MARY—*(earnestly)* Oh, Bob it is fun. But that isn't all. It's educational, very. You find out how to improve your league parties. And you learn how to train leaders and speakers.

BOB—*(laughingly)* And I suppose it is a great place in which to confess your

MARY—Well, smarty, if you're implying that there is no religious atmosphere there, you're wrong. Certainly nothing is more impressive or sincere than a morning lake side service, or one of the sun set services down by the lake.

BOB—*(seriously)* No fooling, Sis. I'm really awfully sorry you can't go. *(y)* If I could only earn more

MARY—Oh, Bob dear, You're doing all you possibly can, now. You're a dear. Don't feel bad for me. I'm a selfish person. I guess I can stand it to stay away from there for one year. I've been there four years. *(rises and begins to help Mrs. Smith clear off the table. Bob picks up paper and reads.)*

BOB—Say, Dansville Bank has been robbed.

MARY and Mrs.—It has?

BOB—Yes, and they think the man who did it is headed in this direction, or hiding about in this locality. There's a description of him here.

MARY—Only one man?

BOB—Yes, single handed he did it. Covered them all with a gun, and ran out a side door. He got into a car and went. They tore after him as soon as they could but Bradford's car and all other cars around had their tires punctured. Probably by him. They found his car in a vacant road over near Higgins' Crossing. That's why they think he's hiding around. Five hundred dollars for him, dead or alive.

MARY—Oh, I'd like to find him. What description of him does the paper give?

BOB—*(reading from paper)* Medium height, dark, good-looking. Was dress-

ed in light tan tweed top coat, and tweed suit. Had a boil or cut on his chin *(to Mary.)* Here's the paper if you want to read it. I've got a date with Peggy to play tennis. So long. *(exit.)*

MARY—*(examining paper, dish and dish cloth in hand)* Oh, Mother, I wish I could catch that bandit

MRS.—Mercy! I don't. He might shoot you.

MARY—I'd love that \$500. *(telephone rings. Mary answers it.)*

MARY—Yes? Oh, hello Ruth I'm so glad. No, I can't go. Come over now. Mother's going out and I'll be here alone. —All right. Good bye.

(Mary stands silent a moment. Then says to herself aloud.)

MARY—I'm going to Silver Lake. I don't know how, but I'm going

SCENE 2

(Enter Mrs. Smith, dressed to go out. She speaks to Mary who is in another room.)

MRS.—Mary, I'm going now. If you go out be sure to lock the door and put the key under the mat on the porch.

MARY—*(appearing in doorway.)* Yes, Mother, but I'm not going out. Ruth is coming over.

MRS.—All right, but keep the back door locked. Sometimes I don't like the idea of our house being so far out on the edge of town

MARY—Oh Mother, don't worry. Callahan's live quite near. I'll keep it locked up so no one will steal your beautiful daughter.

MRS.—Well, good bye. *(exit.)*

MARY—I'll lock that back door before I forget to do it.

(she leaves room, to return almost immediately)

MARY—*(to herself)* I've just got to go to Silver Lake. It seems impossible but where there's a will, there's a way. Let's see—I might be walking along the street and find a \$20 bill. I might have an uncle die and leave me a fortune. The

trouble is I haven't any uncles. It would have to be an unknown uncle. Or—the ideal thing would be for me to capture this escaped robber and so earn \$500. Oh dear! It's impossible. I can't think of any sane way for me to earn money. I wish—*(bell rings)* Oh, there's Ruth. *(goes to door and greets Ruth)* Hello Ruthie. *(Ruth removes hat and coat)*

RUTH—Say, but it's great out. Just the kind of day to make one feel good. It's warm, though. I saw Bob and Peggy on the tennis court when I came by.

MARY—Yes, he went over to Peg's right after lunch.

RUTH—Did you hear about the bank robbery? That's where all of Grandad's money is. *(laughing)* He's terribly upset. He's been giving a lecture for the last hour on crime. I was frightened when they said he was around here, the robber I mean. Doesn't it seem terrible to have a criminal possibly so close?

MARY—*(clasping her hands)* Oh, I wish he was here.

RUTH—*(in astonishment)* You wish he was here? Why, what on earth for?

MARY—Oh, I'd love to catch him.

RUTH—*(bewildered)* You'd love to catch him?

MARY—*(laughing)* Yes, Parrot. Just think. Five hundred dollars!

RUTH—Humph! I'd rather make certain of my life. Criminals are terribly dangerous. Did you read the description of him. I think he must be a horrible man.

MARY—Most likely he is, but the description didn't sound bad. Medium height, dark, wearing light tweeds with a sore on his chin. I think probably he's quite good looking. Criminals usually are.

RUTH—Just the same, he'd probably slit your throat the first chance he got.

MARY—Well, I could use that \$500. Oh Ruth, I want to go to Silver Lake so bad.

RUTH—\$500 wouldn't do you much good if you got your throat slit.

MARY—Mercy, but you sound gruesome. Oh Ruth, but I do want to go to Silver Lake.

RUTH—I know, Mary. *(putting her arm about Mary)* I'm so sorry. I can't really have a good time without you. Remember last year, when we took a canoe out on the lake and it tipped over?

MARY—*(enthusiastically)* Yes, wasn't that fun?

RUTH—Fun! What? Tipping over?

MARY—Yes—No—well, it was exciting.

RUTH—Exciting—yes. You could swim. I couldn't. Never in my life have I drunk so much lake water at one time as I did that day.

MARY—Oh, well, you didn't drown.

RUTH—I'll say I didn't. But you had to tow me in. *(both laugh heartily over remembrance of the episode)* I'm thirsty. I'm going to get a drink. *(starts to leave. Door-bell rings)* There, you've some company. *(exit)*

(Mary goes to door to admit a young man, dressed in light tweeds, with a small bandage on his chin)

YOUNG MAX—How do you do. I wonder if I might use your phone. I'm stranded down the road aways.

MARY—*(very agitated)*—Er—Certainly. Right this way.

(she leads him past desk where telephone is. She opens door, presses a light.) "You can talk in here without being disturbed. *(she pushes him in, shuts door, locking it. Snaps off light. She leans against the door, looking very excited. A faint noise is heard from within. Enter Ruth)*

RUTH—What on earth is the matter?

MARY—*(excitedly)* I've got him. I've got him. He's in there. *(points to closet door)*

RUTH—Who?

MARY—The—the criminal!

RUTH—The criminal? What criminal?

MARY—Why, the robber whom we were talking about. You know.

RUTH—*(stupidly)* You've got him, you say?

MARY—Yes. It was he who came to the door. I knew him at once. He wore light tweeds and he's dark, and *(triumphantly)* he had a bandage on his chin.

RUTH—Bandage? The paper didn't say anything about a bandage.

MARY—Yes, but it said a sore or cut on his chin. He could get it bandaged, couldn't he?

RUTH—Well, perhaps but *(looking apprehensively at the door.)* why doesn't he holler?

MARY—I think that closet is sound proof. At first he did try to open the door.

RUTH—What are you going to do, now that you have him?

MARY—I don't know.

RUTH—Well, you've got to do something. You can't just keep him there. He might smother.

MARY—Oh, no. He won't smother, but what shall I do.

RUTH—Call the police.

MARY—Oh, should I?—I guess I'll call Bob first. *(goes to phone)* 1468-W—Hello, Mrs. Champ?—Is Bob there?—Well, will you tell him to come right home. It's very important. Thank you *(hangs up)* Oh Ruth, I'm scared. Oh, I wish I'd let him go. Ruth, don't stay near the door. He might shoot.

RUTH—*(moving with alacrity)* Did he have a gun?

MARY—Why of course—er—ah. That is, probably. All criminals have them. But of course he had it hidden. Oh, why doesn't Bob come?

RUTH—You just phoned him. Give him time. What will you do when Bob gets here?

MARY—*(pacing the floor)* I don't know. *(door-bell rings)*

Oh, who's that? Not Bob? *(goes to door to admit a small, plump middle-aged woman, who nods pleasantly and says)*

LADY—I'm looking for my son. Our car stopped down the road aways and he came up here to telephone. It's rather chilly and I got tired of waiting so thought I would come and see why he was delayed. Didn't he stop here?

MARY—*(apprehensively)* Your—your son?

LADY—Yes—He wore light tweeds. He said he'd telephone at the first house but it must be he didn't. I'm sorry to have troubled you. I—

MARY—Did your son have a bandage on his chin?

LADY—Yes, has he—

MARY—He's here. — Uh — Just be seated please and I'll— *(enter Bob)*

BOB—Hello Sis. What's up? *(noticing lady)* Oh I beg your pardon. I didn't know you had company.

MARY—Oh Bob. I—I caught a robber, but he isn't a robber.

BOB—What?

MARY—I—I caught a man and I—I guess he's the wrong one.

BOB—Jimmy Crickets! What man? What do you mean?

MARY—I—I—Oh Ruth you tell him. *(Mary bursts into tears and sits down in chair.)*

RUTH—Well, Bob, a young man came to the door and asked to telephone. He fitted the description of the man who robbed Dansville Bank, so Mary locked him in the closet. Just now this lady came along, looking for her son who had come to telephone a garageman. I guess Mary's robber is this lady's son.

BOB—Well, this is a mess. Let me get this straight. Mary locked up a man she thought was the robber.

RUTH—Yes.

LADY—You locked up my son?

MARY—*(sobbing)* Well, he looked like the description.

BOB—That bank robber was caught this noon near where his car was found. Where is this man you locked up?

MARY—(*pointing*) In the closet.

BOB—Well, for the love of Mike! (*He unlocks door. Out steps young man, smiling slightly.*)

YOUNG MAN—I couldn't help overhearing what you said, so you do not need to explain.

MARY—I thought that closet was sound proof.

LADY—Well I wondered what had become of you, Jim. (*she glances rather hastily at Mary, then turns to examine a small old, fashioned rocker, which she has been examining all through the episode.*)

MARY—(*rising and turning to young man.*) I'm terribly sorry, Sir. It was because I thought—

YOUNG MAN—(*smiling*) — that I looked criminal.

MARY—Oh no—but you do fit the description in the paper.

BOB—Well, Sis you certainly made a blunder that time.

LADY—(*to Mary*) Young lady, is your mother very fond of this chair? (*pointing to rocker*)

MARY—No. I don't believe so.

LADY—Well it's just what I've been looking for.

MARY—Is it? I rather like it.

LADY—Would your mother sell it?

MARY—It happens to be mine. A neighbor gave it to me when she moved away from here.

LADY—Young lady, I like this chair. It's a genuine—. I'll give \$100 for it.

MARY—(*gasping*) \$100.

LADY—Yes, will you take it?

MARY—Why, I don't know. Of course it was a gift, but the lady didn't want to take it with her and asked me if I wanted it.

LADY—That's a good price I'm offering you.

MARY—(*eagerly*) Why yes, that is—should I, Bob?

BOB—Do as you like. It's yours.

MARY—Oh, yes, I'll sell it for \$100. Do you want it now?

LADY—Yes. It's just what I've been looking for, for a long time.

YOUNG MAN—I must telephone. May I? (*glancing smilingly at Mary.*)

BOB—I'll tow you up to the garage. My car's out in the drive.

YOUNG MAN—I'd be ever so much obliged.

LADY—Here, young lady. (*gives Mary bills*)

(*exit Lady and Bob carrying small rocker. Young Man lingers*)

YOUNG MAN—My name's Jim

Collins. I live in Dansville. Dansville isn't far from here. Would you mind if I came over to see you?

MARY—Oh no, not at all. Please come.

YOUNG MAN—Oke. You'll be seeing me. Au revoir, my jailer. (*exit*)

RUTH—Ahem.

MARY—He's nice, isn't he?

RUTH—He seems to be. You've made a friend by locking a man up.

MARY—Perhaps, but—do you see this money?

RUTH—I do. You're sure in luck. What are you going to spend it for?

MARY—(*waving bills in her hand.*) Hi! Silver Lake.

MUSIC

SALLIE JEAN CRAWFORD, '34

*Music is a part of me,
I feel and hear but cannot see
Its charms.*

*And yet,—
I know
When it shall cease
To flow
Like life giving blood through me,
My soul shall withered be.*

HURRICANE FRIENDSHIP

LEON HIGHHOUSE, '34

DON Garrett strolled carelessly down the dirty street of Pueblo Cabello which led to the docks. His tall stature was quite a contrast to the small squat figures of the natives. Dressed in his white duck flying suit, and with his chin squared and blue eyes flashing, he never failed to receive the smiles of the fair senoritas.

Disregarding the affairs in the street he turned and walked into the "Yellow Lantern Cafe" situated across from the police dock. Directly in front of him at one of the tables slouched "Blimp" Williams, the former ace blind-flying pilot of Pan American Airways. Williams, on seeing Garrett, suddenly straightened up and let out a yelp of laughter.

"Well, if it isn't my old buddy Don Garrett. I haven't seen you since the Bahia affair when we were fired by P.A.A. I hear you're flying your own plane between Havana and Cabello. Just so you don't monkey with my run.—Well?—What have you got to say for yourself?"

"Nothing, Will, except that you'll have to look to your laurels. I'm extending my route to Miami," retorted Don.

"I won't worry about you. You never were good enough to get a long run," was Will's sarcastic reply.

Eventually the quiet of the cafe was shattered by the crash of breaking glass as Don landed a few big plates of food on Will's head. Will's legs crumpled under him and he slumped to the floor. Excited voices filled the air as the manager and two waiters rushed to the scene of the disturbance and promptly knocked Garrett down.

Next, the shrill whistle of the police was heard as three officers rushed thru the entrance of the "Yellow Lantern Cafe."

Very expertly and methodically they

questioned the manager and waiters, then a few of the native by-standers. And, in the next move they had clamped a pair of shining bracelets on the wrists of the unconscious form of the white clad pilot.

Early the next morning "Blimp" Williams climbed into the forward cabin of his ten passenger amphibian, gave the plane the gun and skimmed down the bay, then rose lazily into the azure blue sky. He swooped down over the lazy city of Puerto Cabello, which harbored in its modest jail the sleeping form of Don Garrett.

Williams was making his customary flight to Havana and Miami carrying six passengers and a few hundred pounds of freight. By night he would be in a nice bed in Miami, and this, along with the thought of Don in jail, made a smile come over his face as he flew over the blue Caribbean.

Two days later he was ready to make the return trip to Cabello. As he waited for the tanks to be filled with gasoline, he couldn't help musing about Don cooling his feet as well as his temper in a smelly native jail.

"Serves him right," murmured Will, forgetting that he had started the whole trouble with his sarcastic humor.

Meanwhile, Garrett had been released by the authorities after paying for the broken bottle of Bourbon. Immediately after his release Don went to his hotel room and changed into a fresh suit of white ducks. From there he went down to the dock where his flying-boat was anchored. There he fell into the routine of making his plane ready for flight.

On board his ship was a valuable cargo of gold bullion for New York as well as five passengers. His ship was of the same type as William's, a twin

motor Sikorsky with retractable landing gear.

Garrett ducked into his small office for a last weather report before setting out for Havana. The report which came over the transmitter gave him a little apprehension.

"Storm of hurricane violence is sweeping thru the Caribbean from the vicinity of St. Thomas Island," droned a voice over the loudspeaker.

Garrett snapped off the switch and walked out of the office, a frown creasing his forehead. There was a possibility that the storm would miss this end of the Caribbean entirely and go up thru Haiti and Santo Domingo, but—then again it could curve and sweep across Cuba and the mainland.

Don climbed into his cockpit, adjusted the controls, then looked back into the cabin to see if all were ready. With a roar the inertia starter made the twin motors burst into action; then with the grace of a swan the ship turned and streaked out into the bay with a white tail streaming behind. The ship zoomed up into the pale blue sky that two days previously Williams had also flown.

The sky was beautifully clear, without a sign of storm or trouble. Even the deep blue water beneath the ship was calm and smooth with scarcely a ripple to mar its surface. The sun sent golden streaks dancing along on the azure waters.

The weather report must have been wrong. It wasn't possible for such a beautiful sight as this to be a prelude to disaster such as a hurricane. And with this idea in mind Don settled back in his seat and calmly regarded first his flying instruments, then the outside scene. Back in the cabin of the ship the passengers were also in a jocular mood, for they chatted and laughed with one another. Perhaps most of this was due to their ignorance of the weather forecast and not to their personal bravery.

But disaster comes rapidly upon the

unsuspecting and strikes with little warning and lesser mercy. A low rumble came from the east, and a dark cloud loomed over the horizon stretching all along the eastern horizon. It rapidly grew in size until it covered a quarter of the sky. Garrett, sensing the danger, forced the ship up another two thousand feet, but still the dark shadow threatened over his head. Up another thousand feet he sent the plane, and again he sensed the ominous cloud above.

Back in the cabin the laughter had died on the lips of the passengers. Fear and apprehension masked their faces. The chatter had stilled and a brooding silence took its place. The two women passengers began to finger their rosaries; the men to twist their watch chains.

The full fury of the storm crashed down on the flying ship. Pellets of rain beat a merciless stream on the windows of the cabin. Strong gusts of wind whipped the plane as a cat paws a wounded bird. Cork-screw blasts of wind lifted the ship, then dropped it into down-currents of air. It took all of Don's skill as a pilot even to keep the plane on a level keel, let alone try to smooth out the jolts.

Suddenly, above the shriek of the wind and the groaning of the ship, came the sound of tearing fabric. To his horror Garrett looked out of his window and saw the fabric peeling off the left wing and fluttering in the gale. It was only a few seconds before the whole left wing was stripped of cloth, and wooden ribs glistened in the rain and wind.

Immediately the plane began to fall off to the left and slowly dip down toward the boiling, churning sea. All attempts to right the amphibian were of no avail, and it continued on its way to certain disaster.

With a supreme effort Garrett managed to make the plane respond sluggishly to the controls. Just as the bow of the ship was about to crash into a

mountainous wave it leveled off and smacked into the foaming sea on an even keel.

The hurricane soon spent its fury in that region and passed on toward Cuba. The sun came out, and the boiling water was soon tamed to a series of waves which at intervals slapped against the hull of the plane, causing the passengers to fall to their knees.

No one had been hurt except for slight cuts on the hands and legs sustained when the window glass broke in the crash. Garrett was unhurt and had climbed out onto the good wing and was anxiously scanning the horizon.

He realized his responsibility and his duty. He had in his care the lives of five people as well as several thousand dollars in gold bullion. To lose either of these would be a knowledge defeat a thing to be abhorred and hated.

A younger girl of the party had taken this wreck as a great thrill, a marvelous adventure, but as the day wore on and a leak developed in the hull of the ship she too began to pray for the sight of a ship. Garrett felt sorry for her and for her hopes. The ship had landed on longitude 70° west midway to Havana. Few boats traveled in that district. It was too bad, for the girl had pluck, and what is more, she was wholesome and

pretty. She aroused his interest and manliness. It was this more than anything else that kept a spark of faith in his soul.

A deep hum in the sky shattered his reveries, making him as well as the girl beside him glance skyward. Yes—there it was, a silver speck high in the sky. Garrett signalled frantically, but the pilot seemed not to see them. But wait—he was turning. He had seen them. It turned and dived down toward them.

Soon a twin motor Sikorsky had settled in the choppy water beside the wreckage of the ill-fated plane. A lone figure stepped out of the cabin of the rescue ship and lowered himself to the water-logged wing of the wrecked plane.

A amazement welled over Don's face. It was Williams. The two men stopped and stared at each other for a minute;

then suddenly they clasped hands and looked each other square in the eyes without saying a word.

Finally Williams coughed and cleared his throat and stammered, "I-I-I knew it was your plane, but—well I just had to help."

—o—

Don and Will are now partners in a new flying company between Puerto Cabello and Miami. Oh yes! The young girl is Mrs. Garrett.

DURING SPRING RAIN

MAUDE VEDDER, '34

There's something in a wet and budding tree

That always wrings a song of praise from me.

The starry white, young blossoms moist and fair

That breathe a soapy fragrance in the air.

While on the ground below the crisp grass holds

With green and tapering fingers, marigolds.

And every round, small raindrop falling bright

Reflecting tree and sky and glowing lateen

Like a little mirror on the ground.

BRIDLES

MARY C. POUND, '34

WHAT power is represented in that one word! and what restraint! When you say "bridle", just "bridle", it seems as if it were not enough, as if something were lacking; and it is, for the usual expression is "saddle and bridle", naming the bridle last and yet the latter is the main part of the outfit. On that one bit of harness depends all your control. For instance, if you have a strong horse with a mind of his own and he suddenly takes it into his head to go, the bridle breaks and where are you? You have no way of holding him back. But if the stirrups break or the saddle girth snaps, all you need do is keep your balance and press tight with your knees.

The types of bridles vary as widely as the different kinds of dogs. There is the plain bridle, generally used in hunting with just a single bit, single reins, and sometimes a martingale. This is a long strap fastened to the girth and extending to the nose piece on the bridle. It passes between the horse's front legs and goes right up his neck. It is very helpful to the beginner for it prevents his horse from tossing his head too high. This is a most annoying trick, especially when the ambitious rider depends on his reins for his balance, and then, too, he is likely to have his nose severely bumped.

Then there is the extreme opposite, a western bridle. Here there is also one bit, but what a bit! It is curved or pointed and has two slender bars at each end of the bit that vary from two to five inches in length and which are attached at right angles to the bit. The reins are fastened to the ends of these bars farthest from the mouth. Also, the bridle itself is usually studded with metal. On the most fanciful, silver is used and the reins, too, are ornamented. With such a bit just a slight jerk is needed to pull a horse back on his haunches, while with

the other you could saw away to your heart's content and make no impression on a determined animal.

Then, again, there is a bridle that is a compromise between the two. There are two bits; one is plain like the first and the other is curved with the curb or chain that goes around the horse's lower jaw. There are two sets of reins, a pair for each bit. This type is most commonly used and certainly has its advantages. By keeping the curb reins loose your horse is not tormented every time you put extra pressure on the reins. On the other hand you can control him with the curb when he believes too strongly in running away. The bits on bridles that are used for show horses are wrapped in rubber to make the horse take hold of it and show some pep.

Somehow, it seems as if in my mind each type of bridle should go with a definite type of horse. The simple bridle reminds me of a tall, long-necked, long-legged animal, a hunter or jumper that is very capable and business-like. The western bridle conjures up a small, wiry mustang with muscle of steel, that is also business-like but more alert and nervous. The last recalls a beautiful creature with satin skin, arched neck, pointed ears and dainty feet, but that is flighty and irresponsible, ready to shy at the slightest rustle or stir, in other words, a show horse.

The reins of the bridle act as a link between the rider and the horse. By the very feel of a rider's hands a horse can tell if he is experienced or nervous, uses a heavy touch or light, and if he understands his horse. This makes a great difference in a horse's action. By using a light touch a nervous horse becomes calm and obedient to the slightest pressure. There is a bridle for every horse, and with the right bridle and of course the right rider a horse is at his best.

BOSTON BEANS AND ITALIAN SPAGHETTI

SARAH J. CRAWFORD, '34

TINY, dirty shops, vegetable venders, odors of cheeses and fish,—these all are a part of old Boston! As we walk along the crowded way, sometimes on the side walks but more often in the stone roads, we view with surprise the transformation of this old American city. The sun shines brightly on the long displays of fruit and vegetables on the carts and benches of the Italian merchants. Green peas, oranges, yellow bananas,—how they gleam! No native American can arrange his displays with such art.

An old dark skinned woman with a bright scarf about her head hobbles across the street with a market basket on her arm.

A husky foreigner unloading his wares suddenly bursts into happy song.

In sunny doorways sleepy kittens bask in the warmth. Ah, how easy it is to imagine we are in real Italy itself!

Our attention is called to a truck which, in the process of turning around in the narrow streets, is now tightly jammed between the two curbs much to the despair of the driver. A crowd gathers. The truck squirms with its wheels spinning. At last it makes a desperate effort and frees itself.

As we near the end of the street, food and jewelry stores displace the

food shops. A fat man with a shiny black suit and a little mustache stands before a window displaying elaborate wedding garments. Seeing a young couple approach the store, he rushes forward beaming and bowing. "A wedding suit! You like a fine wedding suit?" he asks. The young man is of course very embarrassed. The girl laughs and then brush past the merchant leaving him disappointed but smiling.

At the corner sight-seers pause to observe the red brick church with the historic belfry. It was here the lantern hung warning Paul Revere of the approach of the British nearly two centuries ago. Turning to our left we follow a little lane leading up a hill on which is located an aged cemetery. The names of old revolutionary patriots and their wives, Elezer, Hiram, Abigail and Agatha, find a fitting setting in the cracked and crumbling markers. From the top of the hill Boston harbor presents itself to view. Huge chimmed steamers are seen far out in the water, while smaller clustered fishing schooners cling dependently to the shore.

As we stand looking out over the water, a fresh sea wind blows across our faces, and we feel it is bringing to this old city life and spring once more.

MY LAKE

MARY FARLEY, '34

THE lake is crystalline and blue; nature seems to smile on whatever you do. The shore glistens and if you listen you hear birds singing, bringing their song to you. The water gleams and in the sky the sun beams and streams on you with its golden warmth. On the shore, the firs rise majestically and sigh in the gentle breeze. Huddled in the shadows are cabins, the owners of which are fish-

ing where the clear, clear waters flow. Suddenly the scene changes as the skies darken and if you listen you can hear the rumbled thunder and the water is jumbled. The winds roar and the wild birds soar, high, high in the air. The waves dash high and clash with the sands as the lightnings flash overhead. But I love that lake—in all its ways—and those days there make dreams no one can take.

THE FORM

GOSSIP

GENEVIEVE COTHMAN, '35

"OH, Mrs. Flannigan, an' hivy v' heard? The O'Harrys is losin' their plyce."

"Oh, are they now? Tch! Tch! Sich a pity! An' it bein' give to thim by his great uncle 'ere he went West three summer ago."

"Yes, indeed. An' as I was a-goin' by the plyce this mornin' I noticed a big movin' van by the door. That's how I knew. 'T must be real urgent, their movin' out on sich short notice. My! My! How little we suspect of the goin' on right here under our very noses."

And the two ladies sighed in mutual hopelessness.

"Yoo! Hoo! Oh, Mrs. Mallory! Come on over a minute." A bustle, a rustle, and the good lady stands at attention inside Mrs. Flannigan's living room.

"Oh, an' I have a poor piece of news for ye, dearie. Jim O'Harry, what did our plumm' here two years ago, is a-losin' his plyce."

"Well, I swan t' goodness! Tch! Tch! Did you ever? ! Well, I must hurry home and phone Marthy. She'll be real interested to know. He's been doin' a bit of plumm' for her last month."

"Has he, now? ! Well! Isn't it too bad, though? An' his fine son just startin' in college. He'll probably have to quit an' take a job. What'll they do? I bet his wife's real cut up about it."

And, come to find out, the poor man was merely buying a piano.

Such is gossip. We rail about gossip; we condemn gossip; we glance disdainfully at those who gossip; yet gossip continues.

I imagine Eve gossiped in the Garden of Eden. Perhaps she told Adam how the lion snubbed the tiger. Probably Mrs. Caesar condemned Cleopatra to her mad-in-waiting.

Gossip is the evil genie which lurks

everywhere, ready to tear down a good reputation, ready to drive fine men from their community.

As a rule, only women gossip. It is one of the traits of the feminine character which makes some men avowed women-haters.

Who is more hateful, who is more disliked, who is more destructive of character than a gossip?

So often gossip aims its poison fangs at young people. Idle folk just love to sit at ease with old friends, shocking them and being shocked with unreasonable stories of the wildness of their neighbors' children and the disreputable hours of their home-coming.

What's wrong with their memories? Can't they remember the times the mare dozed at the hitching-post while their escorts bade them a lingering good night? Can't they remember the times they took off their shoes before entering the house and straddled a squeaky board in the hall?

Women, fill your minds with worthwhile things. Don't lower yourselves to the level of gossip. Nature abhors a vacuum, and if nothing else occupies your mind, you will probably start your imagination working on your neighbors. Have a hobby, an organization, for instance, into which you can throw your excess energy.

Women, as you value your daintiness, be ladies! Ladies don't gossip!

—o—

HEADLINE IN THE MAKING

HELEN GEBBIE, '34

*A sinister shack,
A sullen, starless sky.
A shot... a shriek... a second shot
Silence.*

BEAN SUPPERS

ANITA STEWART

IN the first place they aren't suppers at all. The beans never make their appearance before eleven at night and therefore one would suppose they might be properly called bean lunches. However, I didn't originate these bean parties and so had no say whatever in the matter.

These bean suppers seem to constitute the only form of amusement the backwoods men of northern Canada participate in. It seems very odd to me that the beans should play such an important part in the get-together, for there's not much to be said of the beans themselves. They're just plain beans. Not only do they lack salt and pepper, but to cook any meat with them would be considered a high crime or misdemeanor. They are not baked, merely boiled. To perk them up a little with vinegar or ketchup is unheard of and would be regarded as an insult to the host.

But the beans are not the only delicacy of this sumptuous repast, served at eleven sharp. Everyone is cordially invited to partake of some luke-warm water. Pardon me! I should have said tea, for there are, generally, a few tea

leaves floating around in your cup. And then too, everyone must have a hunk of bread. I haven't yet discovered just how they cut it, but I have a strong inclination to suppose they employ the axe for this operation. If you are a very lucky person, you may happen to go to a bean

supper where there is butter to embrace the bread, but somehow I don't seem to have any luck in this respect.

If fate is kind and you happen to live within three or four miles of your host, within walking distance that is, you are indeed fortunate. A chilly ride in a wired-together car of unknown make, over roads more like washboards than anything else, is enough to create enthusiasm in the most ardent hater of beans. And when, just to show you are a good sport, you have indulged in a swim, and water from your hair drips down your

neck, and your clothes seem to have shrunk to smaller dimensions, and the moon, instead of giving off heat, smiles down coolly upon you—well, what could be nicer?

The fire, however, is the crowning attraction of the evening. The ravenous mosquitoes are driven from the delicate

THE STARS

MARGARET CONWAY, '34

*I stood on the top of the hill
And silently gazed around
O'er a weary world who had gone to
rest—
A world whom the darkness had found.*

*So suddenly now came a change
And one lone star became nigh;
A star of sorrow and hope and joy
As it radiantly shone in the sky.*

*Soon other stars came twinkling forth,
Each lending a glory divine,
How very friendly they seemed to be—
Just like some old friend of mine!*

*Once more I gazed at the weary world—
The world who had gone to rest;
Then back to that beauty on high,
More beauteous than ever I'd guessed.*

*It made me want to come back each
night
To be with my twinkling friends,
And learn the lessons which only they
give,
They—the stars—whose glory God
sends!*

morsels they have chosen for their refreshments at the bean supper, and very few people mind the stinging smoke in their eyes although there are some who grumble and weep copiously about it.

And when, after the riotous supper of beans, a rural egotist favors you with a mournful rendition of the song that never grows tiresome namely, "May I sleep in your barn tonight, mister," you are expected to applaud enthusiastically and ask for another tune. No one minds this, of course and soon you are

pleased to hear the "Strawberry Roan" slightly off tune, but what's a little harmony among friends?

After the fire dies down, a gentleman in blue overalls will carefully escort you to your Rolls Royce, and if the car doesn't break down, you reach home within two or three hours. Your companion guides you safely from the road to the door of the cottage, just in case a chipmunk should get ferocious. And then you say truthfully, of course, "Good-night. I've had a most amusing time."

CHAIRS

MARION LINNEY, '34

A few months ago, I stood before a furniture display, a sittingroom de luxe, such as only the Comptroller of the Moneybags could conceivably possess. Yet its unattainability did not mean that my fellow men and I were not privileged to gorge ourselves on a dream of presiding over such a room in whole or part.

I watched the milling crowd and its reactions to the exhibit. Each individual had his own opinion to express. "How perfectly gorgeous!" "It's well balanced." "Ain't it swell, though?" I saw a frail old woman, handsomely patched, approach. Her gaze riveted on a cushioned rocking chair, a world of longing in her eyes. A harassed business man, weary of exhaustion, glanced at the enticing armchair, gulped and nearly ran away. A tiny child recognized in the arm of the wing back chair a place especially designed for him to cuddle in and was irresistibly impelled to weep.

In the unceasing merry-go-round of every day life, we pass over chairs as too paltry to mention. Yet where, outside of bed, do we spend most of our time? Standing up? No, seated in some form of chair.

What is a chair? Webster defines it as "a movable seat with a back, for one person." Does a chair mean only that to you? I can give a score of definitions

of a chair, corresponding to my mood of the moment. I believe that each chair has a personality that attracts like personalities as a magnet.

Years ago, no house was a home until it had a morris chair before the fire. During the day, it had dozens of children . . . well, at least four, continually in its capacious, welcoming lap. It served as a house, a cave, a horse, a cart, or a hobo-goblin. A chair it never was, even at night, when mother, father or grandfather sat there, swarmed under by boisterous, loving children. At such times, it was a throne, from whence came the stories that heralded bed time. In sickness or in health, the old morris chair was the center of the family. Only children and those people who found comradeship in children sought and were welcomed in the morris chair.

Today, the morris chair has been supplanted by a much more comfortable chair, the lounge chair. But there is something wrong with this chair! As its name implies, it was made to lounge in and that is all it's good for. It's too comfortable! To me, it is just an occasional chair. I feel I must be presentably attired to dare to become familiar with such a dignified, seductive chair.

The old fashioned wing chair which has regained popular favor has more

reason for usurping the morris chair as a family shrine. Why are there so many pictures of mothers and children in wing back chairs? Why does a little child tuck one leg under him and snuggle in one corner of such a chair with "Robinson Crusoe"? Why does grandmother snooze in one? Because it is an artistic, expressive chair. It stands for beauty, stability and home.

Rocking chairs are now becoming oddities. People who a few years ago would have frozen with horror at the lack of a rocking chair now refuse to countenance one. I'm very glad, for I can't see the object in everlasting motion that gains nothing but diminished energy and which tantalizes my nerves to the breaking point.

There are few chairs more enjoyable than the modern overstuffed ones, but these attract all types. It amuses me to

watch a corpulent, cerise clad woman choose the softest, plumpest chair and, serenely oblivious, resemble an overflowing, crimson lake.

Then, there are period chairs, straight chairs and reed chairs, one for every personality. Why should we sit on couches, beds, davenports or stools, or even stand up, when such an outlay awaits us? Even as we once played a game with chairs, "Going to Jerusalem," let us once more play a game, that of choosing our chairs to match our personalities and our moods.

I would change the poet's expression,
"I would live in a house by the side
of the road

And be a friend to man."

For me, it would read,

I would sit in a chair by the side of
a friend

And be at peace with man.

BLOSSOM TIME

ELEETA TICE, '34

*'Tis blossom time, and fragrance sweet
Is wafted through each leafy bower,
As grasses wave amidst the breeze,
And sunlight drifts o'er every flower.*

*The trees take on a summer garb,
Each one displaying its own hue,
From purest white to deepest pink,
As if to deck the world anew.*

*'Tis honeysuckle, columbine,
Fair pansy, daffodil and rose,
Each calls us with enlightened hearts
Wherever one with fragrance grows.*

*Delphinium, lilac, hyacinth
Attract gay butterflies on wing,
And bees flit in and out the blooms
Conveying nectar as they sing.*

*'Tis blossom time o'er all the land,
A time of merry hearts and free,
When every song is just in tune
With flower, sunlight, bird and tree.*

EVENING

KATHERINE DOYLE, '34

It was a mild summer's evening in late August and the placid blue water lazily reflected all the nearby landscape. The verdant grass nodded sleepily in the lulling breeze. Crowded close down to the water were several picturesque gray stone houses whose small rectangular windows peered out into the gathering darkness. The little square stone chimneys squatted on weather-beaten, moss-covered roofs. A little rutty road rounded one of the houses and then disappeared in the distance. Down this road the patient oxen were wearily plodding home from the fields, stopping for a refreshing drink. Several giant elm trees stood sentinel over the forest-clad little settlement. In the distance the forest-clad hills were silhouetted against the constantly changing sky, whose soft colors were quickly fading into the darkness. And night, lit by a myriad of tiny stars, fell like a blanket over everything.

EDITORIALS

SOMETHING IS WRONG

The students of this school are particularly favored by their frequent assemblies. We are also fortunate in the fine types of programs which entertain us. Perhaps it hadn't occurred to you that assemblies similar to ours in many schools are occasional and very special events. Indeed few schools we believe have had a program with such a speaker as Dr. McAndrews of Chicago, whom you especially remember for his remark, "Has anyone here seen Kelly?" Also of exceptional merit are the one act plays so fully and carefully prepared for Monday mornings.

Realizing these things it is well to consider just how we are to receive the results of so much time and effort. When the sole purpose of the speaker or the play is to make the assembly laugh, everything is fine. Everyone laughs when and where he is supposed to and a couple of times more and applauds heartily at the end. However, some people realize the human race is on this earth for more of a purpose than laughing. For that reason at intervals we find more serious programs in assembly. It is our attitude toward these that is to be considered. Plays of a serious nature are of infrequent occurrences. That we seem unable to appreciate these real plays is unfortunate. Some of our solemn religious festivals, such as Christmas and Easter, have been celebrated by programs in assembly, which have been received by some pupils in rather a hilarious manner. We suggest that these offending people think how it would seem to them to be on the stage, after weeks of preparation, giving a play and being laughed at. What is not particularly interesting to us, we should remember, may be very attractive to others. The time has come to erase from the program of the school such conduct so inconsistent with the usual action of the student body.

Perhaps the situation isn't as hopeless as it seems. The manner in which the assembly recently received a recital by a ten year old pianist was quite commendable. To most the program was full of interest. The others, however, had the courtesy to remain quiet. This sane attitude is needed on all occasions.

SO WHAT?

Numerous schools throughout the country have what is known as "student government." There is even an organization called "The National Association of Student Government," which has a membership of several thousand groups. The purpose of these organizations is, generally speaking, "To participate in the administration of certain activities of the school, particularly those activities which are strictly student or pertain to student-faculty relationships." Of course, literally speaking, there is no such thing as absolute student government, because the state education laws place the authority of "government" in the hands of the principal of the school and no student organization can relieve him of this responsibility. However such organizations do at least offer students an opportunity definitely to have a voice in the affairs, that directly relate to them. Such an organization offers also an opportunity to develop the judgment later invaluable for good citizenship, and to form a strong and advantageous school spirit, and interest in school proceedings.

Needless to say, however, not all attempts of student government are successful, nor are all schools in favor of it. The idea and stimulus for student government must come from the students themselves. It cannot be forced upon them. The adaptation which any school chooses must be carefully worked out. Perhaps the whole organization will not be an immediate success; the prestige and influence of such an organization cannot be developed all at once. The success of a "student government" organization will not come like a flash. It will come as a dull light with a steady and continuous growth, with new features and developments every year, until it is thoroughly a part of school life.

In an effort to find the value of student government letters were sent to ten different schools. Information was received from eight of them: the high schools of Lackawanna, Batavia, Kenmore, Niagara Falls, North Tonawanda, Monroe High School of Rochester, Muskegon High School of Muskegon, Michigan, and from the Northern State Teachers' College. Of these eight only one, Lackawanna, had no form of student government.

We judge from the material at hand, gathered from these schools that the usual organization of a student government association is as follows: an assembly, which consists of representatives of each home room, and extra curricular organization, and which does any legislative or discussion work; a council which consists of the elected officers of the assembly with faculty representation and does the executive work. In the Batavia and Muskegon high schools, and in the Northern State Teachers' College this council sometimes handles matters of discipline, so that this body may be both executive and judicial. The amount of power the council has depends on the school; constitutions differ. Meetings of the assembly

Any member of the school may attend assembly meetings but only delegated members may vote.

An organization such as this might be very valuable. It might provide many interesting assemblies, assist the extra curricular organizations already existent, train students in self government, and increase that important "school spirit."

Such an organization would not be entirely unparalleled. Even now, Lockport High School has a bit of student government in its Athletic Council. But a larger organization, a student government association, could be developed in the school. It would give students valuable training in citizenship.

The Senior meetings of this year have been particularly lively and interesting. Seniors participating in their organization's meeting have not only really enjoyed it but have obtained through it knowledge and experience concerning public meetings. A body such as a student government organization, aside from the work it may do in the school, offers to all students experience in public contact.

The Senior meetings serve to bring the members of the class together. The "class of '34" would be quite a spiritless thing if it had not been welded together in class meetings. Likewise a student government body would do much the same for the school.

After reading this editorial it may occur to you that it is quite too late to establish any such organization this year. "So What?" you will think. The purpose of this editorial is not, to start immediately a student government association, but to bring the idea of student government to you, so that next year the members of the school will have ideas on this subject for themselves. Then will be an opportunity to discuss further the wisdom and feasibility of establishing such an organization in Lockport High School.

"LIST', IF YOU WILL!"

Yea, verily, I say unto you, "Awaken! The long-anticipated day of judgment is at hand!"

Soon comes the day when all who sleep must wake, to face what? Those who have slept thirty-eight weeks, or even several years, must arise, rub the sleep from their eyes and take up the instruments of scribes.

Oh, poor souls, unless their dreams and nightmares have encompassed the subjects so adroitly concealed on the paper of white printed in black, they may as well slumber on.

Whether or not the Dream Fairy has so watched o'er them, they are doomed to days and nights of anxious waiting, when she will send no nocturnal messenger with blessed oblivion.

Finally will come the day when sentence will be pronounced. Just within the Door of Judgment, upon a board, glass-covered so that their aching, palsied fingers may not grasp the fatal leaf, the judge's decision will hang, for all to see.

Yea, ye sleepers, the judge's irrevocable pronouncement rests with you. What will ye have it be?

Come, I beseech! Do not wait until the Dream Fairy sends Nightmare Regents to call you to dread judgment! Awake! Throw off the somniferous cloak! Hark to the bugle, clear and sweet! Come forth! Now! —Marion Linney, '34.

"GOOD-BYE AND HELLO"

The time has now arrived for Seniors the world over to say good-bye to their old and well-established routine, and to welcome bravely and gaily the future—smiling or frowning as the case may be. Surely we graduates of Lockport High School, going forth into a world unsettled and depressed, seething with the chaotic conditions of the times, know ourselves to be as well-equipped mentally as any high school students the world may offer for competition. However, intelligence is not the only standard on which we are to be rated as we leave our school. Certain traits of dependability, honesty, loyalty, courage in the face of discouragement, and patience are not to be overlooked and despised. So as we say farewell and turn our backs on high school days, let us stop for a moment and be thankful for those sentiments of fair play and courtesy which have unconsciously been instilled in our minds during the years at Lockport High School.

And when we turn our faces toward the unknown, unexplored paths ahead of us, let us keep always in our memories the thought that friends of high school days are not only wishing us the best of everything in life, but also that they expect us to meet our upsets and disasters cheerfully. Those of us who leave school with no definite plans to follow must look about and take advantage of every opportunity offered, no matter how insignificant it may seem to be on the surface. If we cannot obtain a paying position immediately, why worry about it? At least we can go on gaining friends and seeking out knowledge for ourselves. Thus, when opportunity does come our way, we shall not be rusted and warped from lack of use but always ready and eager for our chance to make good. Let it be said of the 1934 graduates of Lockport High School that we greeted the world with a smile, and with willingness to accept our share of the responsibilities of life.

—Anita L. Stewart, '34.

TRIBUTES

MISS RANSOM

IT is with deepest regret that the students and teachers of L.H.S. learn of the resignation of Miss Mary Ransom. Though she has earned the peace and rest of retirement, how can her place in the hearts of her pupils ever be filled by another? Through many years her sympathy, patience, kindness and wisdom have served as beacons along the paths of learning within these historic walls. Her quiet dignity and gracious manners have set an example for the young people who have come under her influence. By precept and example she has set their feet in the paths of industry and self-reliance. Her ready wit and deep knowledge of her subject vitalized her teaching and guided many a faltering step successfully through the labyrinth of examinations. No pupil "knew her but to love her, nor named her but to praise." The faculty joins with the student body in wishing her many happy years. —Frances B. Sipson.

THE members of the class of 1910 have many fond recollections centered around our school days in connection with Miss Mary Ransom. You see some of us had her for a teacher in the 4th grade at the old Union School, in 8th grade under Miss Cross, and also for latin or algebra in High School. She was one of our very popular chaperones at parties, and as our class was just 40 in number, we all knew each other very

well. Just this spring in house cleaning I came across a flashlight picture taken at Ruth Gloger's home the night of a class sleighride. This picture, with Miss Ransom included, started a long train of memories. Queer as it seems, after a few years the pleasant ones last and any unpleasant ones fade into nothing.

Of course every former student of Lockport High School will agree with me that Miss Mary Ransom was always our warm friend, wise councilor and understanding teacher. She has a warm place in our hearts.

Florence Ferree Patterson, '10

MISS PIERCE

IN September 1905 Miss Eunice M. Pierce, a graduate of Cornell, joined the Lockport High School faculty. She has been here ever since.

It was my privilege to be in three of her classes that first year: solid geometry, trigonometry, and physics—rather tough subjects indeed for a new teacher to undertake. That she handled them most satisfactorily—far better than many an instructor of greater experience—I can truly testify. Moreover, just as throughout her career, she made friends rapidly among faculty and students.

Originally engaged to teach mathematics, she had not expected to teach physics. Because of the increased registration, however, she was assigned a class in this subject. In fact she performed the difficult task of installing and equipping a physics laboratory—an

innovation that the Regents inspectors had long been recommending. I am sure that Miss Pierce will never forget those strenuous weeks and will agree that the first hundred days are the hardest.

The physics lab was in that part of the building where the art department is now located. We had quite resented the extra work involved in doing a number of complicated experiments, but Miss Pierce soon won us over by her helpful manner. The periods spent in the laboratory proved interesting, profitable, and were good fun too.

Few perhaps realize Miss Pierce's constructive part in organizing this work and it seems appropriate to mention it now. After her first year she taught only mathematics, in which field the results she has obtained are so well known and so eminently successful as to require no further comment.

I regret exceedingly that she was never my home room teacher. There were no home rooms in my day, all the high school, except the commercial department, being quartered in one large study hall in charge of the principal. This large room, by the way, was eventually partitioned off to form three smaller rooms: those now occupied by Miss Pierce, Miss Ransom, and the girls' study group across the hall.

Hence I missed the most conspicuous part of Miss Pierce's teaching—her splendid work in the home room. In this very important field she has had an extraordinary success, of which the annual reunion of her boys during the Christmas holidays is beautiful proof. It has become a real event in the life of the school.

The boys of those earlier years, however, when the enrollment was so much smaller, had the advantage of knowing her first and of receiving a larger share of her time. As a member of her very first classes I shall always think of her with sincere gratitude and tremendous respect. —R. Donald Moore, 1907

DEVOTION to work or to an ideal is an admirable trait of character. It is one that we admire in Miss Pierce. She has given unreservedly of her time to her pupils not only in connection with their school work but also in connection with their activities. Two personal incidents illustrate this fact. In my senior year I wanted to take Trigonometry, but for some reason my schedule could not be arranged so that I could get into the regular class. So Miss Pierce said to me "I'll give you what help you need during my free period." I appreciated the favor then, but I appreciate it more now because I know how many things a teacher has to do during that period. The other thing that I appreciated greatly was when I wanted to take an examination in advanced mathematics. Incidentally, that examination with others resulted in a scholarship of considerable worth. I had had all the high school mathematics except Solid Geometry, which I needed. So Miss Pierce gave up several evenings to teach me the main topics of that subject. When you realize how many times this story with varying details could be duplicated, you know why we are sorry to have her leave us and why she will long be remembered in this school and by her pupils.

In his article "Why Are Teachers" Don Herold, the humorist, says "I had out of my 60 teachers, a scant half dozen who couldn't have been supplanted by phonographs." Again speaking of one of his teachers he says "he threw me a torch—not merely so many cold potatoes." I believe you will agree with me that Miss Pierce is not a phonograph nor does she throw cold potatoes. She has done what every true teacher should do; she has thrown the torch, she has illuminated life for many a boy and girl, not, however, by teaching of mere subject matter.

We all join in giving her our best wishes. —Olive Whitwell

HONOR ROLL

	1	2	3	4	5
Harry Andrews	95	95	92	94	95
Catherine Angelo	92	92	94	93	94
J. Howard Anstead..	95	95	95	96	94
Catherine Archne	92	92	94	93	94
Harold Argue	92	92	94	93	94
Lois Art	95	95	95	96	94
Samuel Asimotos	95	95	95	96	94
Katherine Baker	95	95	95	96	94
Thomas Banta	95	95	95	96	94
Carolyn Barone	95	95	95	96	94
Betty Baysor	92	91	94	90	91
Mary Beach	95	95	95	96	94
Mary Bewley	94	94	96	96	96
Annabelle Billings ...	95	95	95	96	94
Raymond Birkenmeyer..	95	95	95	96	94
Charles Blanning	95	95	95	96	94
Arthur Blinn	90	93	90	92	95
Marie Bolton	93	93	92	92	94
Richard Boerman	92	90	91	90	90
Helen Boyer	95	95	95	96	94
Rogers Bradley	95	95	95	96	94
John E. Bryant	90	91	95	92	94
Richard Bryant	94	93	95	92	94
Marion Burns	95	95	95	96	94
Thomas Burns	95	95	95	96	94
Pauline Caecilia	90	95	91	95	95
Margaret Campbell ..	94	95	96	95	95
Mary Jane Campbell..	95	95	97	97	95
Virginia Carpenter ...	92	92	93	92	95
Bertha Christman	95	95	95	96	94
John Croch	95	95	95	96	94
Robert Clarke	93	95	95	94	93
Alvin Claude	90	95	91	91	92
Claire Comstock	95	95	95	96	94
Robert Conlin	92	93	94	90	91
Mildred Connor	92	93	94	90	91
Margaret Conway	93	93	91	96	91
Catharine C. " " ..	94	95	95	96	95
Gene " " " " ..	95	95	95	96	94
Ruth Cothran	95	95	95	96	94
Johnston Crawford ..	90	95	90	95	90
Sarah Crawford	95	95	95	96	94
Elouise Crosby	95	95	95	96	94
Ruth Damerow	95	95	95	96	94
Barbara Davis	95	95	95	96	94
Jeanne Davis	95	95	95	96	94
Alba Dean	95	95	95	96	94
Edith Dean	95	95	95	96	94
Isabel Dickoe	95	95	95	96	94
Carl Dickinson	95	95	95	96	94
Virginia Dittmer	95	95	95	96	94
Laverne Dohring	95	95	95	96	94
Katherine Doyle	95	95	95	96	94
Frances V. Dunc	95	95	95	96	94
Mary Jane Earon	95	95	95	96	94
Emil Eglin	95	95	95	96	94
Olive Engert	95	95	95	96	94
Marjorie Evan	95	95	95	96	94
Elizabeth Farley	95	95	95	96	94

	1	2	4	5
Ida Marotta ..	92	93	92	92
Francis Marsh ..	97	97	94	94
Donald McAllister
Robert McCarthy	90	..
Ma. N. M.	90
Robert McDonough	96	..
Adele Meyers	90	90	94	..
Ruth Meyers	90	..
Helen Moore ..	90	90	91	91
Vera Morrall ..	93
June Mount	90	..
Herbert Muktarian ...	90	90	90	91
Harry Mulligan
Sybil Murdock
Jane Murphy ..	93
Barbara Neal ..	90
George Neale ..	91	90
Marie Nelson ..	96
Naomi Nelson ..	97
Thelma Nelson ..	90
Elizabeth Niem ..	90
Jay Noble ..	93
Santa Odd
Betty Olson
Anna M. O'Rielly
Gustin Ostrander
Mary Pafenbach	90
Sally Lue Palmer ..	90
Lucy Pardo
Margaret Pearson
Oliver Pels
Virginia Lee Pence
Roger Perkins
Marion Plau
Minnie Police
George Pollock
Mary Polyino
Mabel Pomeroy
Martha Pound ..	94
Mary Pound ..	94
Frances Provenzano ..	90
Sarah Pusateri	90
Lucille Ramming	93
David Ransom ..	92	92	92	..
Philip Rapp
Gordon Raszl ..	90	90
Marion Raszl ..	90
Ruth Ratlike ..	91
Pansy Raymond ..	92
Dorothy Redhead
June Rhuehart ..	94
Ruth Richards ..	91
Philip Richardson
Francis Rieger
Clare Ritzenhaler
Mary J. Ritzenhaler..
Rosamund Roberts
Diane Rockwood
Cleaves Rogers
Arthur Root
Beatrice Rosing
.. Ryan
Edith Sanford
Vincent Sanmarco
Ennie Sauittiere
.. Saxton
Mary Saxton
Anthony Scalzo

	1	2	4	5
Veronica Scheffer
..
Adolph Schmidt
Donald Schumacher
..
Lucy Serio
Roger Sherman
Irma Singleton
Thelma Sipson
Jean Slocum
Donald Smith ..	92	90	90	..
Venice Smith	91
Doris Snyder	92
..	91
..	90	91
..	91	91
..	90
Doris Starling ..	92	92	90	90
Loraine Steadman ..	90
Anita Stewart
Dorothy Stockwell ..	94
LaVerne Stone	90	92	91
..	90	92	90	90
John Symes	90	92	93	91
Magdalen Szatkowski	90
Lois Tenbrook	90	90
Gladys Thomas	92	91	90
Electa Tice	94	94	95	95
Betty Timkey
Edna Timkey
Kenneth Tracy
James Trott
Jeanne Upson
Helen Vedder
.. can Vedder
..
Estella Viett
Herbert Wagner
Mona Wagner
Arthur Walker	91	90
Vernard Wall	91	..
John Walsh	91
Doris Washon	91
Lillian Wasvary	91	91	90
Robert Watkins	92	91	90	94
Hazel Werth	90	91	90
Raymond Whitehead..	..	90	91	90
Eugenia Whitmore ...	90	93	92	91
Walter Whybrew	91	92	94	92
William Whybrew ...	93	93	95	93
Stella Wierzbicki	91	90	91	90
..	94
..	98
..	96
..
..	90
Betty Wilson	90	91	90	..
Gerakline Wilson	90
.. s Winter	91	..	91	91
Howard Wolfe	91
Evelyn Wollaber	90
May Wolters	90	..	91	90
Ruth Wolters	90
Robert Woodburn	90	94
Shirley Woodside	93	91
Jack Zuidema	92

NEWS

FOREST GOBLINS

Did you know that we had a musical composer of remarkable talent on our School Board? Yes, it's Mr. Roy Kelley, our genial Superintendent of Schools. His operetta, "Forest Goblins," was presented at the Charlotte Cross school Thursday and Friday evenings, May 17th and 18th. It was directed by Helen Leonard Callahan.

The moving spirit of the operetta was the capture of a gypsy maid (Marie De Nardo) by Baeno, commander of the Goblins (Jake Glassner) acting on the orders of the Goblin King (Laverne Beakman and Arthur McEnroe, one each evening). Soon there blooms a love affair, and a wedding results, with Frances Marie Barone the page with the ring.

Solo dances were very well executed by Mrs. T. Bernard Rooney and Frances Marie Barone.

The gypsy ensemble was well represented by the Seventh and Eighth grades. The Goblins were the fourth, fifth, and sixth grade boys, while our dainty little fairies were the fourth, fifth and sixth grade girls.

The dance director was Mrs. T. Bernard Rooney, with Mrs. May Nottelman Luce the accompanist.

While leaving the auditorium, your correspondent overheard this snatch of conversation: "Didn't you just enjoy every bit of it?"

What more can we say?

OUR APPLE QUEEN

On April 29, 1916 at Olcott, New York was born a girl destined to become Lockport High School's candidate for the Apple Blossom Queen. You've guessed it—Betty Leonard!

Like all temperamental young things the desire to do just the opposite from what others expect of her for the sake of starting an argument is deeply rooted in her personality. Believe it or not she actually dislikes to act her age on the grounds that it doesn't become her. (Somehow that sounds unfamiliar, nicht wahr?) However, she again runs true to form when it comes to talking and chewing gum under unfavorable circumstances. But here's where the originality in Betty runs riot. Whisper this—she dotes on attending formal dances in sport attire and vice versa.

Here's a hint for starting a conversation, you Leonard fans. Ask Betty her views on woman suffrage, disarmament, or Philippine independence. Take your pick and prepare yourselves for a surprise.

THE STATE COMMERCIAL CONTEST

This year it has been proven that Lockport High School need not look only to her athletic and debating teams to win awards for her, for students of the Commercial department both in district and state contest have brought back laurels to their Alma Mater. Those who obtained first, second or third places in the district contest were qualified to enter the state competition held at Syracuse.

Accordingly, Friday, May 20, Emil Eglin, Herbert Muktarian, winners of book-keeping awards and Genevieve Cothran and Jeannette Hutchings with typewriting medals met Miss Madsen and Mr. Tavrow at the west side of the high school; with beating hearts and high hopes they piled into two Chevys and headed for Syracuse. They arrived in

that important city just in time to see Joe Penner in person. After the theatre, the little group returned to the Mizpah Hotel and Y. M. C. A. to dream of golden loving cups and shining medals. Morning brought the eventful day and the contestants assembled in Slocum Hall of Syracuse University for final instructions. It wasn't long before it was all over and while teachers checked the papers, our party viewed and explored the college campus.

It is easy to imagine the excitement when the contestants met once more, this time to hear the results! We can take much pride in knowing that among 70 crack typists Genevieve Cothran won for Lockport third place in the contest.

The fact that our contestants did not all win prizes does not mean that they are not good scholars. If one has an exceptionally nervous temperament, it puts him at a disadvantage. Also there was an average of 50 contestants in each of the 7 events. Too, the competition was exceptionally keen. For example, in shorthand the winner scored 99.31; 2nd, 99.06; 3rd, 98.8; 4th, 98.7; 5th 98.33. In Book-keeping the winner made 87% while the 18th was only 7 points lower with a score of 80%.

It was indeed a big honor even to be eligible to contest and our school is to be congratulated that it was represented by such able and competent students.

DISTRICT CONTEST APRIL 28, 1934

April 28, 1934 was an eventful day for many of the Lockport High School students, for that was the day the district contest in commercial subjects was held, at Orchard Park.

Miss Madsen had been drilling her typing pupils for many weeks. Every week, and toward the last, two or three times a week, she would spring on us, a fifteen minute speed drill which would induce most of the students to a touch

of terrorism. But, did they work! You never saw such industrious pupils. She finally decided to select six girls to enter the contest, three as a team and three as individuals.

<i>Team</i>	<i>Individuals</i>
Carolyn Barone	Genevieve Cothran
Betty Taylor	Jeannette Hutchings
Alma Bencene	Stella Hamm

Mr. Meyers, also, had been working with his arithmetic pupils. Those selected to enter for arithmetic were:

<i>Team</i>	<i>Individuals</i>
Stella Hamm	Stella Hamm
Jeannette Hutchings	

Jeannette Hutchings	
Harvey Spearin	Harry Andrews

The other contestants for other commercial subjects were as follows:

Shorthand I

Individually

Donna Goodman
Herbert Muktarian

Shorthand II

<i>Team</i>	<i>Individuals</i>
Betty Timkey	Jean Hughes
Ruth Arlington	Betty Timkey
Lillian Wasvary	Mary Szur
Herbert Muktarian	Bookkeeping I
Emil Eghin	Bookkeeping II

All of us, were looking forward to, yet dreading the arrival, of the eventful day. Finally it came upon us! We all met at the high school at 8:30 Saturday morning, just a little bit nervous.

The contests began at 10:15, but all of them weren't finished until about 11:30. We then had to wait until 1:00 for the results. They were given in the gymnasium of the high school at Orchard Park. Now, this was the time when most of us were exceedingly nervous. All ears and eyes were strained toward the gentleman giving the results. Lockport's were as follows:

Typing I

Genevieve Cothran	2nd place
Jeannette Hutchings	3rd place
The team	2nd place

<i>Arithmetic</i>	
The team	1st place
<i>Bookkeeping I</i>	
Herbert Muktarian	2nd place
<i>Bookkeeping II</i>	
Emil Eglin	1st place

As a total Lockport and Orchard Park received 8 points each with Tonawanda forging ahead with 12.

Gold, silver and bronze awards are given to those winning individually. A silver cup for the school is given to teams winning 1st place.

The individual winners of 1st, 2nd, or 3rd places and the team winners of 1st or 2nd places now go to Syracuse, May 19th, to compete in the state finals.

Come on, everybody! Let's see what you can do to honor your high school further. Everybody be on your toes for May 19, 1934.—Jeannette Hutchings.

AUTO SHOP

We auto-shop inhabitants are very much neglected by the main building of L. H. S. and mostly because we are in a different port a few leagues north of headquarters.

In our dismal basement the L. H. S. students learn the manly art of hammering dents and removing parts without the use of the usual hack saw.

Our ever beloved instructor Admiral E. D. Fay, as he is called, has the well known "battle ship" Buck all overhauled and ready for the summer runs to and from Syracuse. Don't be alarmed folksies, it'll be back again next year.

It is also here where prominent lads acquire those fine "school-girl" complexions. Maybe you don't believe that. Well! just take a glumpse of George Vancelaf and see for yourselves. I am also aware of the fact that one John D. Murphy is quite a man with the opposite sex. (That hair ought to get any girl.) We have handled everything from "T's" to Classy Auburns. Owing to the welcome donation of a rare collection of

old cars by Mike Laport, alias Kugler II. From this same collection most of us have learned a helpful lot of information about cars in general.

See you in Port Regents
Jud. LeValley.

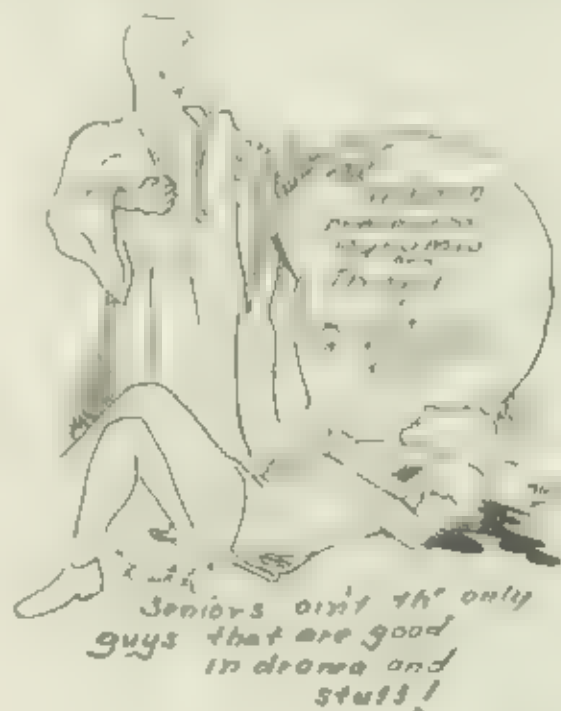
—O—

William F. Wylam, student in Lockport High School, is a well known Aeronautical draftsman. He became noted by his skill in drawing complete engineering plans of airplanes. He is known all over the United States and Canada in Model Aircraft and Aeronautical circles.

Although he had lost his hearing in an automobile accident, his ears will be normal in a year.

Some of his plans are attracting the attention of several aircraft factory officials. Theodore P. Wright, Vice-president and general manager of the Curtiss-Wright Airplane and Motor Company, said "Mr. Wylam shows unusual talents in aeronautical engineering and design. His plans are perfect in details and are somewhat superior to factory drawn blueprints. I would not be surprised to see Mr. Wylam, chief engineer within a few years time, as he surely shows that he belongs to that \$7,000 job."

Some of Mr. Wylam's plans and pictures appeared in several leading aero-



Seniors ain't the only
guys that are good
in drama and
stuff!

nautical magazines. He has received many requests for more plans of special types, but had to turn them down on account of school work.

GRADUATE AMUSEMENTS

One balmy spring day, our revered editor-in-chief, having nothing better to do, hied himself to a writing desk and dashed off this epistle to one of those ever present radio pests, Voice of Experience. Here is the letter and the reply:

My dear Dr. Harad,

I am a young man of 35, having been married for the past 15 years. We have two lovely children, one eight and the other ten, and so far my life has been a very happy one.

Of late, word is about town that my wife has been keeping company (secretly) with a gentleman I thought to be my best friend. I have no first hand knowledge of this unfaithfulness, and my wife is as sweet as ever, but I have a business trip to make this Friday, and I don't know whether to go or not.

Will you please answer me before Friday by mail, because my wife listens to your programs regularly.

Hopefully yours,

Jay A. Noble, Jr.

NOTE: (here will be printed the answer, on attached letter head, then will follow comment.)

Dear Friend,

I am indeed happy to welcome you to my large and ever-increasing circle of radio friends. Each year I receive many thousands of letters from people in every walk of life and from all parts of America. It is indeed gratifying to feel that I can be of some service to so many people.

In answering your questions, let me explain again that all of my work is based upon the science of psychology and my own developed theory of first

impression. My work is not to be confused with fortune telling or any of the occult sciences. In giving you the benefit of many years of experience in dealing with the problems of life I merely express my own opinions and viewpoints.

Your wife is doing no wrong, pay no attention to what people say if you do you will have no end of trouble, people are jealous about your happiness and will misconstrue any action on your wife's part to cause trouble, simply do not allow any one to tell you anything.

Do not let your wife know you mistrust her; that is the easiest way to drive a woman out. She is capable of protecting herself.

You need have no fear to devote your thoughts to your business.

Again thanking you for the interest which you have displayed in my work and with kindest wishes for your future success and happiness, I am, very

Truly yours,

Dr. Chas. F. Harad

But in case anyone should be inquisitive maybe we better tell you what it is really about. If one were to think hard he might remember that during the winter we had some debates. One of the arguments which we used was that fraudulent and deceptive programs were broadcast over the radio. In order to back up the argument we thought it best to secure an actual incident. The club produced this masterpiece, it sure proves something doesn't it?

PASSING REVUE

Have you often smelled the delicious aromas emanating from the Domestic Science room and wondered just *what* was going on? Well, the secret's out! About 30 girls have joined the Home Economics Club. This Club has luncheons twice a week on Monday. The girls prepare the refreshments (cocoa and a sustaining salad) in their classes.

Several speakers have lent variety to the programs — Miss Alt, Mr. Buckminster, and Miss Snyder were speakers of note.

The last meeting of this club will be a picnic at Olcott Beach.

* * *

And you missed something if you stayed out during Oral English Week! Several One Act plays by Sally Crawford, "Rick" Hilderman, Margaret Conway, and Anita Stewart were really astounding in their originality. Individual acts were well done, also. For instance, Mary Farley's impersonation of a gum-chewing office applicant was great! Glenn Mudge plus a cotton batton mustache equaled a perfect bachelor. Joey Hawkes brought us the heart-rending story of a busy office manager who married his secretary the nite before, and promptly forgot it the next morn. Cramer was the forgotten woman! Kenneth Tracy gave an interesting talk on stamps, illustrated with his well-stocked album, while John Stacy's stereopticon lecture was a highlight of this unique week. Sleight-of-hand, trans-magical tricks by Virginia Willson. Oh, we had 'em all!

* * *

We wonder what Dick Harris was doing at Ben's beauty parlor the day of a Girl Reserve dance—getting his hair waved, or telling Hilda how to have her's done!

* * *

Mary Tolhurst is practically a grass widow since Jack Zuidema got a job working after school and nites. But they make up for lost time 4th period in the library and Thursdays when he has the day and nite off. Yes, we're wondering when he catches up on his homework. (Oh!)

* * *

What caused Eugene Archie to go to the hospital—parties? late hours? Mary had better take better care of him, if he can't take it!

Every time Doris Simonds tells the story about her scratched forehead, it's different. (I'll just bet one of those slaps backfired on her! Yessirree, Bob!)

CLOAK ROOM GOSSIP

Many times I have walked along the street and as I passed groups talking, I have often overheard part of a sentence. Sometimes what I hear does not make sense, as I didn't hear enough of it. Sometimes, tho, I hear too much! It has often been the latter case when I walk thru the Girls' cloakroom on the second floor. We all know that a girl's weakness is talking, and I found it too exceptionally true in this particular cloakroom. As I walked verree, verree slowly thru the cloakroom, this is what I hear!

"Lillian, bring out my coat."

"Get it yourself. I can't find my hat."

"Has anyone seen a green mitten?"

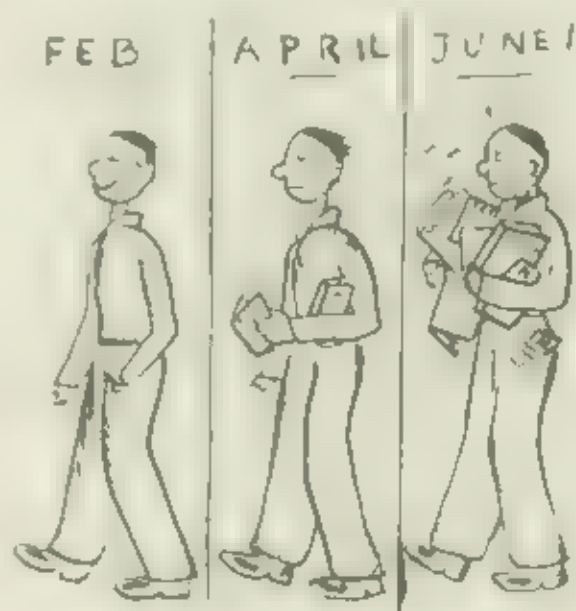
"Jane, please lend me fifteen cents, I'll pay you back tomorrow, honest!"

"Yeah? You owe me fifty-five cents now."

"Betty, let me borrow your history after you get it outlined."

"Hey you, get off any hat" (desperately)

"Aunt, tell you quit giggling and finish that joke?"



"Rose, what do we make in Home-making today?"

"Will you let me take your

"Dorothy, let's go to the show tonight and see Clark Gable. Gee, I just *adore* Clark Gable, don't you?"

"Dot, if you see Lilhan, tell her I finished that Design."

"Hurry up, Rebecca, you're so—slow!"

"Sally Lou, is Bud coming up tonight

"Hey, Julieen, I hear you and Ed had a fight. What's it all about?"

"Huffy, what did you do to John Turner's nose and lips. (I'll just bet he tried to, and she bit him! Yessirree! Ed.)

"Aritha, where did you and Bill go last night?"

"Mona, what's happened to you and Jack Flaherty?"

"Who do you think I've got a date with Saturday night?"

"I'll bet I know, Jean, John Remick!"

"Hey, Barbara, you've got a run!"

"Good night, my hat's gone again!"

"Gee, wasn't Farrington Goodlander swell in the Dramatic Club play with Arlene Simmons?"

"Well, I just told him he needn't think he could use me for fish!"

"Has Mary got a date with Jack tonight, Sally Lou?"

"Gee, wasn't Bill Judd swell in that last game?"

"I guess Pete Oliphant takes Dot Richards to all the games."

"I don't blame him, she certainly is a swell kid." (Hey, no soft soap in this yere colyum!)

"Hey, Kay, have you heard from Bill lately?"

"Gee, I wish I was tall like you, Gin, so I could see in the mirror."

"Betty, let me borrow your lipstick and comb, while you have them out, please."

"I can't find my gloves!"

"Janet, are you and Joey going in the library fifth or seventh period?"

"Gin, Citrus told me to tell you to step on it."

"Betty, are you going down to the Dive for lunch?"

"Boy, did I ever have a fight with that study hall teacher! She tried to tell me I wasn't in there yesterday."

"Dot, you know Alice Wilson? Well, if you want to get her goat, start singing Alice In Wonderland!"

"Gee, isn't that Forrest Jones comical, Rachel?"

"I'll say; I wish he'd ask me to the next Hi-Y dance." (Now don't you cry, Tommy! I just *know* she didn't say it! Ed.)

"Has anyone seen Kitty Corson?"

"Dorothea, did you and Bill go skating last night?"

"Hey, Hilda, do you go with Jack McDermott or Harry Suthers now? Both? Oh you!!"

"Well, it seems to me if he thinks enough of her, he will not accept that blind date."

"Did you know Herb Wagner goes way out Pine street with Jean Hughes every noon, and has to run all the way back to be in time for his lunch?" (Why doesn't he eat there? Ed.)



SENIOR CLASS

1. Most Popular—Fran Pusateri, Catherine Cramer
2. Cleverest—Catherine Corson, Jay Noble
3. Class Bluffer—Marion Murhead, Eugenia Whitmore
4. Most Practical—Naomi Nelson, John Stacy
5. Faculty Rusher—Sarah Pusateri, Richard Hilderman
6. Best Natured—Reggie Intrator, Dick Newell
7. Best All Around—Rog Bradley, Margaret Conwa
8. Most Dignified—Betty Olson, Bill Folger
9. Class Cut Up—Lawrence Ferguson, Margaret Campbell
10. Optimist—Sally Crawford
11. Class Arguer—Sam Searing, Mary Pound
12. Best Dressed—Virginia Willson, Harry O'Grady
13. Flirt—Jane LaFetra, Harold Garlock
14. Ideal—Freddie Springfield, Arlene Simmons
15. Most Ladylike—Rebecca Perry, Bill Judd
16. Actress—Virginia Pence
17. Most Obliging—Emil Eglin, Anita Stewart
18. Loser—Electa Tice, Venice Smith
19. Most Bashful—Cleaves Rogers, Kenneth Tracy
20. Best Dancer—Jeanne Upson
21. Most Original—Peggy Williams
22. Old Maid—Katherine Doyle
23. Ambitious—Helen Gebbie
24. Complimentary—Muriel Zimmerman
25. Temperamental—Betty Wilson
26. Pest—Ruth Ruston, Jack McDermott
27. Nicest Hair—Harold Argue, Mary Scott
28. Sweetest—Betty Timkey

29. Class Beauty—Betty Leonard
30. Cutest—Janet Otto
31. Class Athlete—Bill Judd
32. Wittiest—Bob Walk
33. Most Generous—John Brady
34. Sarcastic—Mary Pound
35. Pessimist—Mary Farley
36. Not much of anything—The rest of the class
37. Inquisitive—Don McAlister

JUNIOR CLASS

1. Most Popular—Juleen Cunningham
2. Class Athlete—Pete Oliphant
3. Arguer—Mildred Holgate
4. Most Ladylike—Ruth Griswold
5. Bashful—Barbara Davis
6. Best Dancer—Bud Wiegel
7. Wittiest—Bob Watkins
8. Old Maid—Frances Duncan
9. Cleverest—Dorothy Stockwell
10. Faculty Rusher—Mary Pafenbach
11. Best All Around—Katie Lenihan
12. Complimentary—Corinne Schrader
13. Inquisitive—Doris Simonds
14. Sarcastic—Eleanor Holmes
15. Ambitious—Marie Bolton
16. Cut Up—Mary Tollerhurst
17. Best Natured—Ruth Hoffmaster
18. Ideal—Billy Eason
19. Flirt—Hilda Lovell
20. Fusser—Audrey VanNorwick
21. Most Obliging—Isobel Dickie
22. Most Practical—LaVerne Stone
23. Optimist—Mona Wagner
24. Sweetest—Dorothy Dwyer
25. Cutest—Sally Lue Palmer
26. Most Original—Margot LaFetra
27. Pessimist—Barbara Gifford
28. Class Bluffer—Betty Poole
29. Class Beauty—Betty Easton
30. Most Dignified—Paula Jean Rice
31. Best Dressed—Rose Marie Ben
32. Most Generous—Rodney Conrad
33. Actress—Irma Singleton

CHERUBS AND INFANTS ALL

When a title was suggested for the girls' page of baby pictures, some wanted it called Becker's Babies, while the rest thought that Mr. Burns should be honored by heading it Burns' Babies. Our Illustrious Colleague, Mr. Searing, finally solved the difficulty by suggesting that they might be Burns' and Becker's Babies!

But seriously, we are deeply indebted to Mr. Searing for the tremendous

amount of work which he contributed toward making these two pages a success. Mr. Mueller of the Annex very kindly lent us his camera for copying the pictures and gave of his valuable time in addition to the camera.

One of the outstanding comments on the baby pictures was made by Helen Cramer. "Well, I don't see how they are going to get baby pictures of us at *our* age!"

MISS BECKER'S BABIES

1. Helen Gebbie—So you won't talk eh?
2. Betty Nieman—May I use your cow's tail for hamburger purposes?
3. Mary Jane Canon—What! You again!
4. Florence Nachtrub—No telling
5. Virginia Willson—Why don't you speak for yourself John?
6. Marie Mulligan—Who said sump-thin' about a bird?
7. Betty Arner—There's gold in them thar hills.
8. Arlene Simmons—This'll kill you!
9. Catherine Corson—Laugh? My dear, I thought it would kill me.
10. Ruth Bennett—I'm willing to be persuaded but—
11. Betty Olson—Ain't she sweet?
12. Jeanne Upson—Well fan mah brow!
13. Betty Leonard—I want my mama!
14. Betty Wilson—Mama! That man's here again!
15. Lorraine Steadman—"Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help you, God?"
16. Electa Tice—What a small world is!
17. Margaret Conway—So shy!
18. Mary Farley—Cold?
19. Eugenia Whitmore—"C'mon in? The water's fine.
20. Adele Meyers—Ho hum! All in a day's work!

21. Catherine Cramer—When does the *start*?
22. Virginia Pence—I won't look!
23. Marion Murthead—I'm not afraid of you!
24. Naomi Nelson—Out in the cold, cold world!

MISS PIERCE'S BOYS

1. McAlbster—The Boy With The Little Red Drum
2. O'Grady—Youngest contractor in N. Y.
3. Folger—Coy
4. Noble—Beyond the Alps lies Italy
5. Brady—The mountaineer
6. Marsh—Who gets the candy?
7. Argue—"Kin I sleep in your barn tomtie, mster?"
8. Woodbarn—Raftero
9. Banta—The prince of wails
10. Trott—"Trumpeter, what are you sounding now?"
11. Stacy—How far is down?
12. Judd—Our Baby!
13. Smith—Sound your "A"!
14. Pusateri—Ha cha cha—was I boned up!
15. Tracy—Wanta fight!
16. Highhouse—"Them's my sentiments, too."
17. Hulton—Coo hoo!
18. Higgs—Suits me!
19. Searing—"Hey! What about that bird?"
20. Blackman—"Grea-ate day, feller"!
21. Bradley—What more can I say.





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SINOR GRI RISIRVIS

THE SENIOR GIRL RESERVES

First of all, a brief resume of what we have done during the past year. At different times, we have been entertained by the following speakers: Miss Beatrice Jones who gave dramatic readings, Miss Ruth Bosserman who talked on "The Care of the Hair," Mr. Reynolds who told us of the work of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, Mrs. A. D. Palmer whose interesting subject was "The History of Dress," and Mrs. E. A. Rogers who gave a series of two talks on her recent Mediterranean tour.

We have also had several parties besides our regular dances. The first one was a Hallowe'en party, held in November, a Valentine party at which we entertained about twenty-five small girls, and the party that the losers in the attendance contest gave for the Seniors, who were the winners.

In February, a Father and Daughter Banquet was held at the Y. W. C. A. with Jeanne Upson as Master of Ceremonies and Reverend J. D. Livingstone as speaker. The success of this banquet led to our holding in May a *Mothers and Daughters* Banquet. Mary Pound was Master of Ceremonies this time and Reverend Harry Bergen gave the address. This banquet was just as great a success as its predecessor.

Throughout the year, we have held numerous discussion and activities groups. The Contract Bridge group was led by Mrs. Runyan, the handcraft group by Miss Betty Jane Hageman, and the Discussions by Mrs. Robert Bishop, while Miss Beatrice Jones instructed those interested in Dramatics. Everyone agrees that we derived much pleasure as well as knowledge from participation in these groups.

Last March Catherine Cramer, Sally Lue Palmer, Rebecca Ann Perry, Mary Farley and Naomi Nelson attended the State Conference at Cortland, as a result of which a highly successful Mock Conference was held here shortly afterwards. Those present were divided up into groups representing different cities,

just as was done at the actual conference. It lasted two days with discussion groups and a banquet Saturday, and a farewell service and tea Sunday. Mrs. Willis P. Weaver led the International Relations Group, Mrs. Robert Bishop, the group on Personal Relations, and Reverend Livingstone, the group on Religion. Mrs. Harry Ransom gave a most inspiring talk at the banquet Saturday evening. Those taking part in the dedication service Sunday were Dorothy Stockwell, Margaret Conway, Irma Singleton, Rebecca Ann Perry, and Naomi Nelson. Reverend Ivan Lange also gave a short talk. Thus, we hope to repeat ourselves next year in an even bigger and better way than this.

In June we held our annual garden party and Senior Tea, ending the year with a June Dance.

This year's out-going officers are as follows:

President—Margaret Conway.

Vice-president—Catherine Cramer

Secretary—Naomi Nelson

Treasurer—Mary Jane Eason

Chairman of Service Committee—Anita Stewart, Barbara Gifford. Members: Virginia Dittmer, Betty Olson, Virginia Killmer

Finance Committee—Virginia Pence, Betty Farley, Huldah Libbey, Dorothy Ferguson, Ruth Bennett, Alice Wilson, Rachel Manchester

Social Committee—Sally Lue Palmer, Mary Tolhurst, Jean Williams, Lillian Thomas, Ruth Hoffmaster, Elizabeth Arner

Membership Committee — Catherine Cramer, Doris Shippy, Janet Otto, Olive Engert, Helen Gebbie, Genevieve Cothran, Mona Wagner, Betty Davis

Program Committee—Mary Farley, Marie Bolton, Margaret Williams, Anna Margaret O'Reilly

The officers for the coming year elected at a recent meeting are:

President—Sally Lue Palmer

Vice-president—Lorraine Rawlings

Secretary—Ruth Hoffmaster

Treasurer—Olive Engert



IRISHMAN GIRL RISHVAIS

THE FRESHMAN GIRL RESERVE DIARY

December 22nd

Dear Diary

Girl Reserves started a little late this year but we're headed for good times. This meeting we had a grand party and delightful refreshments. There were quite a few there and I hope they keep on coming.

January 12th

Dear Diary

Today we elected officers and here they are:

President—Martha Pound

Vice-president—Lois Art

Treasurer—Marjorie Healy

Secretary—Mary K. McDermott.

The chairmen of the various committees are:

Publicity—Laura Coates

Membership—Mary Alice Murphy

Social—Lois Art

Service—Barbara Neal

January 19th

Dear Diary

Mentioning no names one of the members came in after taking a plunge in a mud puddle. We are planning to have cooking lessons at Girl Reserves which I think will be fun.

February 9th

Dear Diary

We had a lovely Candle lighting service today in which the girls promised to become worthy Girl Reserves. After this we served tea to the mothers.

February 10th

Dear Diary

We had our first cooking lesson today. We learned to really cook but Miss Langkton showed us how to make a

delicious frozen salad. It was lots of fun for a few girls demonstrated and the others helped.

March 1st

Dear Diary

Last week we had another cooking lesson and today we gave a buffet luncheon. Everyone helped prepare it and also helped to eat it. We learned just how such a luncheon should be served and it will prove very helpful.

The months of March and April.

Dear Diary

I certainly have neglected you dreadfully but I'll try to make up for it. Mrs. A. D. Palmer spoke to us one week about etiquette which we all enjoyed. Another week Miss K. Forsey consented to speak to us on care of the hair. We went through the Filtration Plant and the Telephone Company last week and the week before.

May 11th

Dear Diary

Thrills! The Girl Reserves gave a dance. We had Tommy Barone's orchestra and he played some of my favorite music. There were quite a few people there and we certainly had a good time.

May 21st

Dear Diary

Today we had a werner roast. What fun. We loked out and explored the surroundings before eating. Then we built two fires and set to work on the food. We are looking forward to a picnic soon which will end our season under the guidance of Miss Shaw and Miss Williams.



2951ND

HI-Y

HI-Y

The Hi-Y Club has completed another successful year. After all, it is with some regret that I write this final report. I know that all the officers have enjoyed serving Hi-Y during the past year, and they sincerely wish the best of good fortune to their successors.

The retiring officers of 1933-1934 include the following:

President—Rodgers Bradley
Vice-president—Joseph Hawkes
Secretary—Venice Smith
Assistant Secretary—Robert Fraser.

The officers for 1934-1935 are the following:

President—Robert Watkins
Vice-president—Martin Teal
Treasurer—Eugene Patterson
Secretary—Harold Garlock
Assistant Secretary—Jay Bergen.

The election was one of the most contested fights in the history of the organization. Four weeks before the final meeting, four sets of candidates were nominated. Two weeks later, the two candidates with the highest number of votes for each office were chosen at a primary. At our final meeting, we held the election at which the officers for the ensuing year were chosen.

A brief review of our activities this year will give an idea of how successful it has been. We began about the first of October with a new policy. We cut the cost of the suppers to twenty-five cents and charged only five cents dues per week to non-members of the Y. M. C. A. We have had many talks by local ministers and other prominent men, and we have had several social meetings. We have had two joint meetings with other organizations. One was with the Girl Reserves at which we had a lecture (accompanied by slides) on the "Passion Play." This meeting was thoroughly enjoyed by all. The next joint meeting was with the Young Men's Club at which ex-Commissioner Roche of Buffalo spoke.

This spring "Bob" Bishop, one of our advisers, took us on several visits to important industrial plants and to several churches. We visited the Federal Mill, the Steam Plant, the Race Street

Power Plant, St. Patrick's Church, and Grace Episcopal Church. A continuation of this policy is planned for next year, so that Hi-Y may see all the industrial and religious places in Lockport. We have tried to make this year's meetings both interesting and educational, and I believe we have succeeded.

Hi-Y held seven dances this year, and all were both social and financial successes. The first, a Hallowe'en Dance, was held November 1, 1933. On December 1, we held a "Hard Time" dance, at which a ripping good time was had by all. Our annual New Year's Dance was held January 1, 1934. On January 26, we held another dance, and the final one before Easter was held February 13. At our Easter Dance we had the added attraction of a lunch at 11 o'clock, which was served in the Boys' Lobby. We had our largest attendance at this dance, at which over seventy-five couples were present.

From the profits of these dances and an assessment of seventy-five cents per capita on the members of Hi-Y, we paid off last year's pledge of fifty-four dollars and this year's pledge of fifty dollars. This is more than any year of Hi-Y has ever done before.

A great deal of credit is due to "Wak" Kunz, our adviser, for the success of Hi-Y during this past year. He has spent a great deal of time and effort toward making Hi-Y worth while, and all he ever received was a great deal of good-natured razzing. Nevertheless, underneath all the razzing there was a great deal of respect and good feeling toward "Wak" because we know we could not succeed without him.

Although the membership of Hi-Y was larger this year than usual, I believe that many of the fellows in L.H.S. who are able to belong are missing the pleasures and benefits of Hi-Y. I hope that many more fellows will join Hi-Y next year and help make it better than ever before.

The executive committee of 1933-34 extends its best wishes for a bigger and better Hi-Y to the officers of 1934-35 and the years to come.

—Venice Smith, Secretary.



DRAMATIC CLUB

First Row (left to right) I. S. G. on R. Groszold, D. Ransom, H. Gocher, C. Carson, J. Nuber, A. Lee. Second Row (left to right) R. Carter, L. Perry, J. Mount, D. St. Cyr, B. Cochran, T. Fisher, M. Farver, M. Mordant. Third Row (left to right) A. Pence, S. Murdoch, M. McLean, M. Strauss, P. Krutier, M. Welch, M. Polynor, M. Sticher. Fourth Row (left to right) R. Westcott, B. Cove, L. P. Wiese, B. Pasaters, M. Holmes, M. Taylor, G. Richards, M. Cobles. Fifth Row (left to right) H. Stoops, M. Bishop, A. Devinger, T. J. Sixth Row (left to right) V. Koberer, O. F. L. Rolus, C. Lindan. Seventh Row (left to right) A. V. v. B. Farley, H. L. Hey, R. Well, A. Vor. Eighth Row (left to right) B. Seal, J. Lison, M. Corway. Ninth Row (left to right) R. Packer, R. Harris, Sandesky, M. Tenth Row (left to right) C. G. G. P. Goodlander, P. Davenport, W. A. G. G.

The club whose purpose is that of furthering dramatic interest in the high school is one of the comparatively younger organizations. This is but its fifth year. Already, however, the Club feels that it has built up a reputation for itself. The phrase, "The annual production of the Dramatic Club," carries a certain prestige which we believe is not found anywhere else. The members are sure that this year's play, "That Ferguson Family," helped a great deal to build up that influence.

Another thing for which the Club is well known throughout the School, is its annual party. Although particulars have not yet been arranged, we strongly contend that this year's celebration for the passing of "Old Man School Year" will be the best so far.

The attendance throughout the winter and spring has continued to be more than satisfactory. Although the Club is younger than the others, our membership is the largest of any. Probably the most conspicuous evidence of the efforts of this large number is the plays with which so many assemblies have been entertained. Perhaps you didn't realize that assembly plays are entirely cast from and produced by the Dramatic Club. During the year, an effort is made to use each member in a play. We have given many humorous plays and many serious ones, such as, "Mansions" and "The Two Thieves," which you saw during Easter time. We spend a great deal of time on these programs and are very glad if you enjoy them.



ART CLUB

First Row—Mr. Evans, Sally Drusendahl, J. Kotowski, Maude Vedder, Lulu McCarthy, Marion Muirhead, Audrey Dreher, Helen Ware, Edith Deane, Marion Burns, Corinne Schrader, Stella Spearin, Jean Colbey, Grace Gugluzza, Dorothea Goff, Mary Taylor. Second Row—Gordon Kunkel, Ralph Singer, William Wylam, Herbert Clark, Joseph Moratchie, Kenneth Dean, Sam Duwe, George Frombgen, Francis Beck, Howard Lee, Miss Harmon.

THE ART CLUB'S ANNUAL PRECIS

Our Art Club, for the year, has adhered to a plan of action among the rounds of school activities.

Our Marionette Show and its cast consisted of the following members, Kenneth Dean, Marion Burns, Edith Deane, Sally Drusendahl, Jessie Kotowski, Lulu McCarthy, Marion Muirhead, Maude Vedder and Phyllis Ware. Edward Haber acted as stage manager. The Marionette Show was successfully produced four times in the city; in the Lockport High School, at the Masome Temple, in the Baptist Church and St. John's School, the players being greeted with much applause. The money received will be contributed toward the Students' Art Loan Fund.

For the past few weeks the Puppet Club has been most active. This is something entirely new in our school and, of

course, a novelty as well as a new venture. So in doubt as to just what a "puppet" was, a pre-view of the show was staged in the weekly assembly on May 14th. "Blue Beard," the play chosen for this pre-view, was met with warm enthusiasm by the student body.

Monday night, May 14th, the Puppet Club members produced their show in the drawing room to an appreciative audience. These workers included: Kenneth Dean, Francis Beck, Herbert Clark, Jean Colbey, Audrey Dreher, Dorothea Goff, Grace Gugluzza, Laura Head, Gordon Kunkel, Howard Lee, Stella Spearin, Mary Taylor, J. Zinna.

Kenneth Dean, president and co-worker, made the stage and most of the artistic and appropriate scenery assisted by Jean Stevenson.

Next year we have hopes of continuing the Art Club activities on even a larger scale and with renewed vigor.

Edith Deane, Secretary.



BRASS QUARTET

From left to right: first trumpet, Walter Whybrew; second trumpet, Thomas Barone; euphonium, Franklin Dow; tuba, Venice Smith.

MUSIC CLUBS

The music clubs form an important part in school activities. Our different musical groups have been unusually active this year, and the results have been gratifying. The band, symphony orchestra, concert orchestra, brass quartet, reed quintet, glee and choral clubs have been under the competent leadership of Mr. Barone and Mr. Doubleday.

The band, under the baton of Mr. Barone, has been hard at work all year, with weekly rehearsals on Mondays, seventh period, and a few extra ones "sandwiched" in on Saturday mornings. On March 23, the annual concert was given, featuring three selections by the woodwind ensemble, composed of Margaret Trott, Robert Clark, Paul Davenport, Oliver Pels, and Richard Boerman. The brass quartet, including Franklin Dow, Venice Smith, Walter Whybrew, and Thomas Barone, also rendered three numbers. The band play-

ed such nationally known selections as the "Poet and Peasant Overture" by Von Suppe, the "Glow Worm" by Lincke, and "March of Spring," a recent composition by Mr. Barone. A month before the concert, he offered two dollars for the best title submitted for this march, by members of the band. After careful consideration the title "March of Spring" was selected. On May 10, the band concluded its public appearances with a demonstration in the Niagara Falls High School auditorium. Rehearsals will continue until the school year officially closes.

The symphony orchestra rehearses regularly on Tuesdays, seventh period. The annual concert was given in the spring in conjunction with the glee and choral clubs. Selections from "Der Freischutz" by Von Weber, "Second Symphony" by Haydn, and "Hungarian Dances" by Brahms were played. Rehearsals in this group will continue until the end of school.



REED QUINTET

Left to right: Paul Davenport, flute; Margaret Trott, second clarinet; Richard Boerman, alto;

The concert orchestra is that small group of musicians who are selected from the symphony orchestra to play in the school assembly on Monday morning. They rehearse weekly on Friday, seventh period. This particular group of people has worked hard during the school year, with the result that they are much in demand to play at dinners, dedications of new buildings, and various social gatherings. At present, they are planning to play at a Rotary Club luncheon.

The reed quintet, or woodwind ensemble has, as its members, Margaret Trott, Robert Clark, Oliver Pels, Paul Davenport, and Richard Boerman. The individual players have practiced and co-operated with Mr. Barone all year, and as a result, their many public appearances were graciously received. Shortly after the band concert the group disbanded, but will reassemble again next fall.

The most publicized, talked-of collection of musicians in the school this

year is the brass quartet. It seems that there is a group of musicians each year that holds up the high standard of music set a few years ago by our thrice state champion band. This year it is the brass quartet, composed of Franklin Dow, Walter Whybrew, Venice Smith, and Thomas Barone. They can be heard practicing at various times during the school day when planning to go on a trip. They put in many patient hours of practice together before they entered competition at Fredonia. They succeeded in taking first honors there, and were eligible to compete in the state finals at Syracuse. Hours of practice followed. On May 12, they "went, saw, and conquered."

The Glee Club rehearses on Thursday, seventh period. The group this year, is superior to Glee Clubs of recent years. Besides appearing on the program in the recent concert, they presented a group of selections in our assembly program, during the winter, in-



GLEE CLUB

First Row (left to right) J. Kay, R. Bryant, T. Neel
 Second Row C. Sherraton, H. Deane, M. Dale, L. Third Row Mr. W.
 Doubleday, T. Fleckenhauer, H. Barnett, Smith, W. Vandal, R. M. Fuchton, R. Ruhlman
 Sponsor

cluding songs of the sea and sailor chanteys. Since the concert they have been working on Folk Songs and songs of the outdoors. They, also, will continue to rehearse until the end of the school year.

The Choral Club, of one hundred and fifty voices, started the year off by presenting the musical comedy "Why Not," in the high school auditorium, October 19 and 20. In this musical comedy, the dancing and singing members were recruited from the student body. They were highly complimented on their splendid work throughout the production. A great deal of credit is due to those of the alumnae who assisted the student cast. The production was rehearsed daily for two weeks under the capable direction of Mr. Pearson.

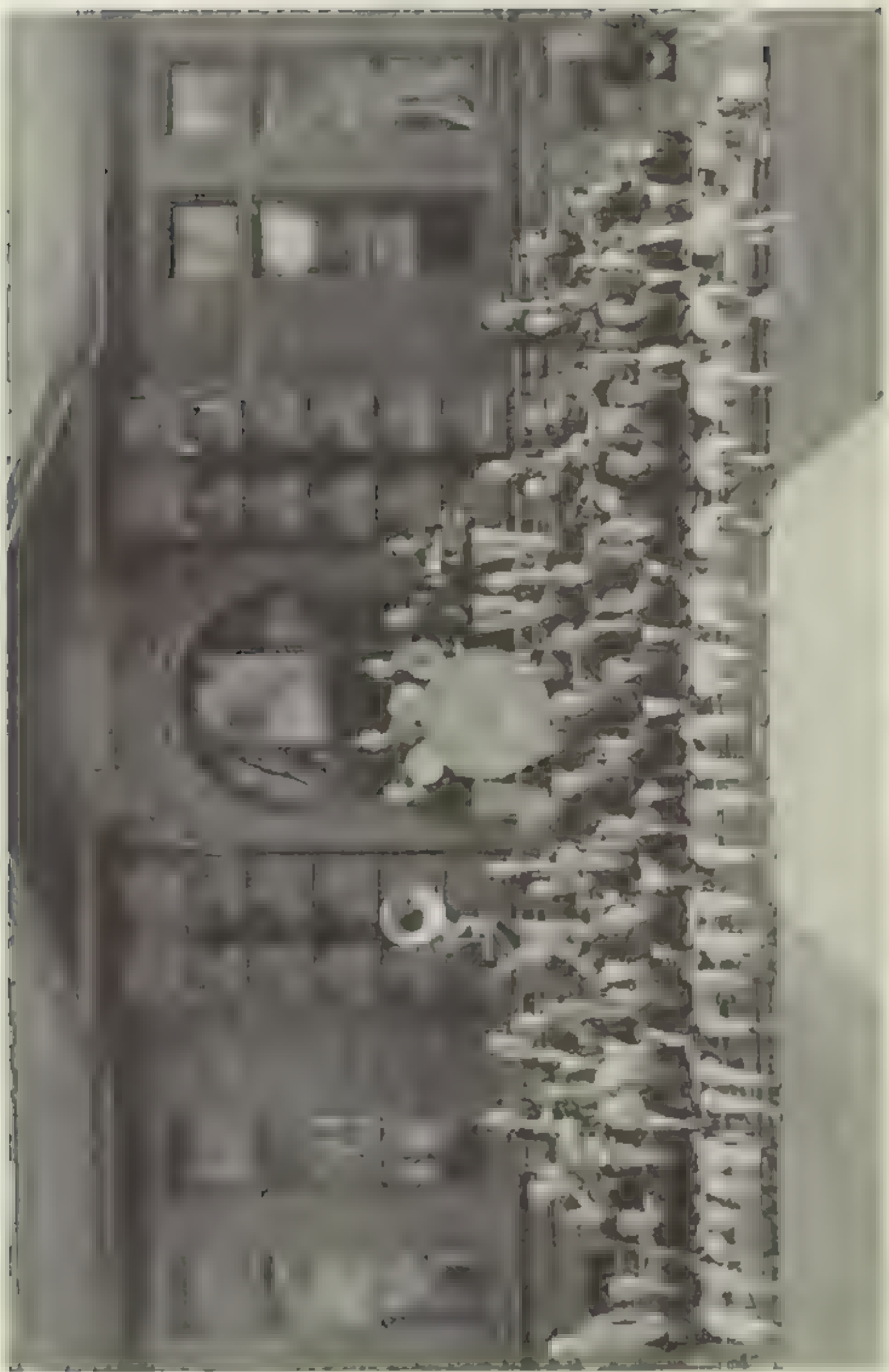
A three part cantata for chorus and

soprano solos called "Three Springs" by Paul Bliss was presented February 2, under the baton of Mr. Doubleday. Adele Meyers, a choral club member, sang the soprano solos. The remainder of the year has been spent in studying "airy Moonlight," by Ardui; "The Heavens Are Telling," from the oratorio "The Creation," by Haydn; "River, River," by Zoltai, and "Moonlight and Mandolins," a short, three part cantata by Paul Bliss. Piano accompaniment was rendered by Mabel Pomeroy.

The loss of a large number of musicians, through graduation, will be keenly felt throughout the music clubs, but they are looking forward to making next year the most successful in the history of the school, as far as music is concerned.



CHORAL CLUB



BAND

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS



ORCHESTRA





DEBATI CLUB

First Row - Left to right: David Robinson, Samuel Boering, Jay Noble, Second Row - Robert Fraser, Venice Smith, Robert Gooding, James Trotter, Third Row -

THE FORENSIC UNION

These people seem able to successfully argue with one and all that the British system of radio control should or should not be adopted in this country. You perhaps think that doesn't seem quite logical. It does when there is a debate team for both sides of the question. This year from the Forensic Union three teams have been formed, two negative and one affirmative, with Bill Folger, Jay Noble and Genevieve Cuthran as captains. These three have been largely responsible for the measure of success which the Club has met.

Lockport is now for the second year, winner of the Niagara Frontier Debating League and sectional winner of the Union College Debating League. In the picture, you aren't supposed to concentrate on Sam Searing (the funny looking fellow in the middle) but on the cup in front of him. We think that, as President, Sam is justly proud of this fine trophy presented to us as winner of the Niagara Frontier League by the Federal Mills of Lockport. We must win this cup twice again in order to become its permanent possessors. The smaller cup was awarded for winning this section of the Union College League.

No doubt, the moving spirit throughout the season has been Miss Helen Gebbie. Without doubt, is the fact that her main sources of inspiration have been Mr. Shattuck's knife and his equally sharp edged remarks, for at the most inopportune moments, Helen has found herself menaced by the blood thirsty coach waiting to attack her with an open blade. Whenever Coach Shattuck is not engaged in this pleasant pastime we find him at another hobby of his—that of giving last minute instructions.

We, the members, hereby formally petition the Board of Education that they should set aside a large sum of money for the purpose of financing the painting of a portrait of Mr. Shattuck in characteristic pose. We further suggest that in this portrayal of a charac-

teristic pose, the clock be set at seven forty-five with the most important debate of the season starting at eight. Mr. Shattuck will be holding out after the last minute instructions and saying, "I want this put in a main speech!"

Probably the affirmative team has been successful because of its manner of attack on the subject. Each negative team against whom we debated, expected us to emphasize certain points. When we neglected these points, in favor of others, our opponents found themselves a bit unprepared. Following this line of thought, those who attended the debates will probably remember many wasted words about "fifteen dollar tax" and "advertising." On the other hand, the negative won its debates because under the leadership of Bill Folger, who has a fine mind for detail, they were so thoroughly prepared on the subject that their opponents could bring up no points which the negative was unable to refute. The system of the negative was truly debating, but the affirmative had a great deal more fun.

Other elements entered into the winning of the debates. You may have noticed large, legal-looking, lawyer-like volumes on Lockport's speaking table. On one occasion two nice red leather bound books contained half a year's copies of *Harper's Magazine*, 1907. On another occasion we made use of a large book containing information concerning where the Indians came from. We can't remember the word for it, but it guarantees to have been of the sixteen cylinder valve-in-head type. Two or three times one person has felt very important carrying Mr. Shattuck's black leather brief case down the aisle. Again the girls' team one night had a rabbit's foot which they passed among themselves. They attribute their victory to the fact that when each one spoke she had the rabbit's foot in her hand. But the night Bob Fraser brought a picture of a beautiful blonde and we set it up in the middle of the table we almost lost!



SENIOR PLAY CAST

D. M. Alister, V. Smith, W. Folger, H. Gebbie, S. Searing, C. Dickinson, M. Conway, J. Noble, M. Farley

THE SENIOR PLAY

If you were to ask one of our high school seniors what he considered the most important of the year's events, he would undoubtedly answer, "Why, the Senior Play, of course."

This year the play committee chose "Broken Dishes," a comedy which was highly successful on Broadway, written by Martin Flavin, who gained eminence through his "Criminal Code."

The action of "Broken Dishes" takes place on a winter evening in a small mid-western town at the Bumpstead home. As the curtain rises, the Bumpstead women are at dinner, and Jenny, the mother, played by Eugenia Whitmore, is reminiscing about her girlhood sweetheart Chester Armstrong, taken by Donald McAllister. Margaret Conway as Myra, and Mary Farley as Mabel, the two oldest daughters, are then mother's favorites, while Elaine, the youngest, played by Helen Gebbie, champions her father against the other

criticisms.

As soon as Cyrus, the husband and father, played by William Folger, arrives, Jenny, Myra, and Mabel leave for the movies. Soon, by earnest persuasion Elaine gets Cyrus out of the house and Bill Clark, her sweetheart, played by Samuel Searing enters. They decide to get married before Jenny comes home.

Several hours later, Jenny and the girls return to find Cyrus and Sam Green, played by Jay Noble, slightly tipsy; Bill and Elaine married by Carl Dickinson, as the Reverend Doctor Stump; a tall, handsome stranger—none other than Chester Armstrong! However, the greatest shock to Jenny is the consequent disclosure by Venice Smith, as Quinn the detective, that Chester is an all-around criminal. They then discover that he has fled through the parlor window.

Jenny is completely humbled and Cyrus takes his rightful position, head of the house, as the curtain falls.



DRAMATIC CLUB PLAY CAST

C. Corson, I. Singleton, Mr. Shattuck, H. Corbin, A. Simmons, D. McAllister, R. Watkins, P. Davenport,
B. Nease, V. Smith, F. Goodlander

THE ANNUAL DRAMATIC CLUB PLAY

"When you've set a fine precedent, be sure and live up to it."

This could very easily be the motto of the Lockport High School Dramatic Club, for its annual plays have been consistently well done.

Three years ago the organization presented Owen Davis' "Icebound," a Pulitzer prize drama. The following year a thrilling mystery, "The Thirteenth Chair" was the club's choice and last year, the hilarious comedy "Sons of Money."

And so, since nothing but the best was quite good enough, this year's production, although a totally different type of play—"That Ferguson Family"—was equally as worthwhile as its predecessors.

Helen Gebbie, who had the part of Mertie Ferguson, the mother, loved her children deeply and wanted them to be

happy, but unfortunately, her ideas of happiness and theirs did not coincide. Ceaseless bickerings and disagreements occurred between Mertie and her likable, easy-going husband Fred, played by Venice Smith. The part of Laura, the oldest daughter, was taken by Betty Nieman, who had eloped with Robert Watkins, as Bert Connelly, before the play began. Irma Singleton as Tavie, the youngest daughter, and Farrington Goodlander as Joe, the youngest son, finally followed their sister's example by marrying and leaving home. Arlene Simmons was Joe's appealing sweetheart, Mary Flemming, and Donald McAllister had the part of Rupert Striker, Tavie's boisterous hero, who proved the most dependable of all when Tavie was in trouble. Paul Davenport was Mary Flemming's father Will, very much upset by his daughter's marriage until he learned that his new son-in-law had won a thousand dollars. Catharine Corson as Mrs. Sarah Thorne, was a typical gossiping scandal-monger.

SENIOR CLASS OF 1934

So far this year there have been five regular senior meetings and one special meeting. We realized at once that we were no ordinary senior class, so we had to do something to show our originality. Precedents meant nothing to us. We must do everything in a revolutionary and better manner than former classes.

We started by keeping our old officers throughout the entire year, thus violating the custom that a girl should be president for half of the senior year. Still we weren't satisfied; we would change the Class Day program. We didn't like the old program, so we would get a new one. Kill-joys informed us that changes in the program would never be approved, but we were undaunted.

After many suggestions were rejected, we finally adopted a plan of combining the history, prophecy, and will in one part of the program. This will be made to present the entire life of the class, from its birth in a hospital to the

reading of its will over a coffin. This will include all the graduates, so the need for the presentation will be eliminated. It was argued that this presentation was a childish, expensive custom without any significance, and there were always some who felt hurt when they had to be left out.

Many had complained about the daisy chain, so the suggestion was adopted that canes be used to form an arch with the class colors hanging from the top. The arch will be used for the graduates to pass under and will supply beauty for the program.

Of course, there are still many skeptical people who think the untried is impossible. After the fine showing made by the members of the class in the Senior Play, "Broken Dishes," how can anyone doubt our ability to put across this new Class Day program? With such talent, our Class Day is bound to be a success.

JUNIOR CLASS

The Junior Class of 1934, realizing only too keenly how soon the year will terminate, has swung rapidly into action as an organized unit in order to show the Seniors how well we shall deserve that lofty appellation, almost ready to be handed down. In all considerations the class feels very successful.

To prove our inherent quality for success in the coming year of supremacy as Seniors, the first meeting of the Junior Class was held in the usual approved manner by election of officers, which resulted as follows:

President—Robert Watkins

Vice-president—Martin Teal

Secretary—Isobel Dickie

Treasurer—Sally Lou Palmer

Members of Athletic Council—David Schwartz, Louis LaFountain.

With our capable president in command, we began our activities enthusiastically. The first step then was the appointment of committees. The ring committee, consisting of Ruth Hoffmaster, David Ransom, John Bryant and Mary

E. Poole, displayed various well-chosen groups of pins and rings, and after due deliberation, the final vote of the class was taken. The selected ring, a gold L on a lovely mother-of-pearl background, was loudly acclaimed as one of the nicest rings ever chosen. This may well be considered a reflection on the good judgment of the class, exerted through the medium of our able committee.

The other committees appointed were:

Class Colors

Mary Tolhurst, Dorothe Stockwell,
William Moran

Class Motto

Mona Wagner, Clarence Oliphant,
Robert Fraser.

Class Flower

Hilda Lovell, Jean Boggs, Eugene
Matterson.

With the end of the year drawing ominously near, the Junior Class extends to the Seniors the heartiest congratulations and best wishes for the future, with the hope that we shall be as successful next year. —Isobel K. Dickie.

FORUM STAFF

Upon looking back and probing into the circumstances which influenced the Forum's existence, one comes into many interesting details worth passing on to you.

Some twenty-eight years ago or about 1906, Professor Morelock was principal of this high school. He was a "prince of a fellow" with a deep understanding of his teen age boys and girls, and because of this it hurt him greatly to witness the strife between the non-members and members of a ruling fraternity at that time. It is perhaps for the best interests of all, that the high school no longer harbors fraternities within its walls.

Periodically this fraternity published a magazine named "The Crescent" and, as only members were allowed to contribute toward the contents of the magazine, the non-members were left out of the only publication representing the school.

After a time, the feeling became too bitter and Professor Morelock called a Junior, Ford Gooding, into his office one day. As Mr. Gooding was in a position to know the cost of printing, et cetera, Professor Morelock planned with him a magazine for all the students of the high school. The idea was a welcome one and all entered wholeheartedly into its success. As most of the enthusiasm was found in the Athletic Club and a greater part of the students then belonged to it, the Athletic Club was assigned to select the name. After much debate the name "Forum" was picked.

Then it was decided that a cover design was necessary. At that time there lived a Mr. Hellner on Locust Street, a noted artist of this vicinity, who was asked to design a cover which would be both distinctive and original. He agreed to produce the design and turned out a Greek pillar with the Forum name on the base of it. When the Forum business manager went to his home to take over the design, he was promptly told that fifty dollars was the cost. After he explained that the magazine had not been printed yet, and no profits had been

realized, Mr. Hellner generously donated the design as his bit toward the success of the Forum.

This was not the only interest shown in the Forum, for the business men and merchants entered wholeheartedly into the advertising. The pages then were divided into one-eighth page ads for one dollar, one-fourth page for one dollar and fifty cents, \$3.00 for the half, and \$5.00 for the whole page. Since then the price has been exactly doubled due to the increased expense of the magazine. The book was eight and one-half by eleven inches, slightly larger than now, and contained thirty-six pages.

The first issue was printed by the Corson Printing Company at the cost of Two Hundred Dollars for one thousand copies. A thousand copies were many more than were needed for the demand at that time, but they were sold for three days at ten cents each and after that they were given away free to whoever wished a copy. You may be inclined to think that giving away the magazines was poor business, but a profit was almost invariably made due to the splendid cooperation of the advertisers. Four issues were put out the first year of the Forum, and in the spring Three Hundred Dollars of the profits was taken to engage a baseball instructor from Buffalo for a month.

Thus the Forum had its beginning. Today it is still a credit to its originators, who first published it with the thought in mind that you might contribute to and have a voice in a publication representing your school. The Forum's popularity has rapidly increased throughout the years.

A vast amount of thought and interest was placed in each issue of your Forum, so that those things which you most enjoy might be included. Believing that play as well as work is necessary, we held a party in January in the John Pound School; and on June 13, the day when you receive this magazine, we are having our annual picnic at Oleott.

Here's to the future of the Forum! May it ever soar to new heights in the years to come!

CAMERA CLUB

Another chapter in the history of the Camera Club of Lockport High School is about to close, but before we say goodbye we think that it is only fitting and proper that we summarize our activities under the following officers:

President—Betty Nieman

Vice-president—Harry Strickland

Secretary—Minnie Police

Treasurer—Marie Mulligan.

together with the able guidance of our two faculty advisers Mr. Zimmerman and Miss Madsen. We also take this opportunity to thank them for the assistance they have given us throughout this year.

This year a great deal of printing and developing was accomplished by the members. The girls were at liberty to use the dark room on Mondays and Wednesdays, and the boys on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Fridays were open to everyone.

At our meetings, which were held on the first and third Wednesday of each month, we have tried our very best to have features for the entertainment of the entire group and to make them as varied as possible. The first meeting we held dealt mainly with the election of officers. At the following meeting Mr. Zimmerman described in detail the process of developing the film and printing the picture. He explained the necessity of the dark room and of certain utensils. He also told us how to take successful "Freak" pictures, such as a picture of someone inside a milk bottle. Once explained this is quite simple: first a close up of the milk bottle is taken; the person who is going to appear inside then stands in the place where the milk bottle formerly was and a distant picture is taken of him without turning the film.

At the next meeting, which was held in Mr. Meyers' room, we had a very interesting speaker, Miss Madsen. The subject of Miss Madsen's talk was also one dealing with photography.

Another meeting was held in the auditorium. The program was a one act

play entitled "Stage Struck" and was presented by a group of girls from the Dramatic Club, under the able direction of Betty Nieman. The cast included: Mary Strassel, Florence Sandusky, Florence Knatler, Dolores Sterns, Mary Jane Taylor, Phyllis Laux, Sarah Pusateri, Sarah Alice Walder and Marie Mulligan.

Oh! Oh! I almost forgot to mention the most interesting subject, DUES! The dues are only twenty-five cents per year. This covers the use of the printing room, the electricity and the utensils used in the processes throughout the year. Then to help cover the cost of supplies, a small amount was paid in proportion to the number of pictures that were developed and printed.

This year we, the Camera Club, have been very prosperous for we had thirty-five very interested members and hope that you, the Camera Club of next year, will double that number.

In the near future we are looking forward to having a picnic or party depending mainly on the decision of the members but what ever their choice maybe, we are all sure that it will be quite successful and a grand time will be had by all.

We had hoped that in closing, we would be able to let each officer represent the members by telling you his opinion of the Camera Club and by telling you of its benefits to its members. We are unable to do this because of shortage of space but why don't you join the Club next year and give it a trial? You know "Seeing is Believing" and I'm sure you won't be sorry. We know for a fact, that many of our members have saved from three to four dollars on printing and developing charges this school year alone. Not only do you save this money but you are also gaining knowledge as well as having a great deal of pleasure.

We sincerely hope that next year your name will be registered with the Camera Club of Lockport High School.

The Camera Club of 1934

Marie Mulligan, Treasurer.

ATHLETICS

ANNEX BOYS BASKETBALL

This winter three basketball leagues were formed in the Annex. These were: the A League, the B League, and the C League.

The A League consisted of three teams: Stanford, Southern California, and Oregon. Stanford won in this league by taking four out of the five games played. Southern California was a close second by winning three out of the five games played. Stanford included the following: R. Ruhlman, T. Burns, H. Carson, F. DeFelippo, R. Carter, E. Webster, and J. Neelon.

The B League consisted of Michigan, Notre Dame, and Northwestern. The championship of this league was won by Michigan, which captured four out of five games played. It was followed closely by Notre Dame, which won three out of five games played. Michigan included: R. Fitzgerald, W. Whybrew, H. Artiere, R. Bryant, H. Glana, R. Holmes, H. Sheehan and J. Rinn.

The C League consisted of Yale, Princeton, and Harvard. Yale took the championship of this league by winning three out of four games played. Princeton was a close second by winning two out of four games. Yale included: D. Gebbie, R. Wane, G. Herrick, J. Rinn, J. Reese, C. Shufelt, L. Kenyon, and A. Cervoni.

Many made high scores during these games. The names of the high scorers and their totals are as follows: R. Ruhlman 26, H. Artiere 22, W. Mullett 21, R. DeLange 20, A. Stevenson 19, L. Yarieke 17, T. Burns 17, J. Ventura 16, F. DeFelippo 16, R. Richards 13, A. Arvoni 13, G. Herrick 12, J. Zinni 12, R. Watts 12, and C. Dietz 11.

BOYS' INTERCLASS BASKETBALL

This winter four well organized leagues consisting of 180 boys participated in basketball at the High School gymnasium. The players in these leagues were from the gym classes. No home room league was formed, as the gym was occupied by the other players. The leagues were: A League, B League, C League, and D League. The players were divided in accordance with their weight and ability.

The A League contained six teams. They were: Harvard, Army, Panthers, Comets, Duke, and Purdue. Harvard gained the championship of this league by winning all six games it played. This team included: Harris captain, Luckman, Berent, Mace, Hayes, Brillo, Singer, and Eafert. (See picture 11, page 83.)

The B League contained: Cornell, Giants, Trojans, Notre Dame, Athletics, and Colgate. Cornell took the championship of this league by winning six of the seven games it played. This team included: Rowley captain, Murphy, Porretta, Bangs, McErnoe, Renna, Groia, Neelon and Pollock. (See picture 2, page 83.)

The C League contained: Wolverines, Yale, Bisons, Cardinals, Bears and Dodgers. The Wolverines became the champions of this league by winning all five games played. This team included: Barone captain, Oates, Calos, Kirsch, Hare, Amoroso, and Wilkins. (See picture 13, page 83.)

The D League contained: Navy, Princeton, Yankees, Stanford, and Columbia. The championship of this league was won by Navy with four out of five victories. This team included: Dickenson captain, Assimotos, Myers, Ray, McEachon, Blake, Lute, Lennon, Bowers and Rapp. (See picture 12, page 83.)

KEY TO PICTURES ON OPPOSITE PAGE

1. Library Assistants—Virginia Beach, Ruth Bennett, Katherine Doyle, Mary Farley, Sarah Pusateri, Loraine Steadman, Mildred Villella, Eugenia Whitmore, and Miss Haynes. These girls are included in the athletic ensemble because they do such valuable work as to deserve to have their picture published. In any case they have to speed around the school frequently, delivering information, and thus they would make a fine nucleus for a feminine track team if the school should organize one!

2. Cornell, winners of League B, boys' basketball. (See names on page 81 in body of article.)

3. Winners of heavyweight basketball—girls' league.

4. Winners of lightweight basketball—girls' league. (See names of 3 and 4 in article on girls' athletics on page 90.)

5. Volleyball champions (see names in article on this page.)

6. Football chart, showing sale of tickets by home rooms.

7. Blue Honor Team—girls' basketball.

8. Gold Honor Team—girls' basketball. (See names of 7 and 8 in article on page 90.)

9. Winners of consolation tournament—boys' volleyball. (see names in article on page 81.)

10. Basketball chart, showing sale of tickets by home rooms.

11, 12, 13. Harvard, Navy, Wolverines, winners in Leagues A, D, and C respectively — boys' basketball. (See names in article on page 81.)

INDIVIDUAL HONORS

In the recent physical ability contests conducted in the gym classes by Mr. McCabe many obtained very fine scores. The contests consisted of first, standing broad jump; second, chinning; third 100 yard dash.

James Dugan, a junior, received the highest number of points, scoring 294 out of a possible 300. Other boys with very high scores are as follow

Silsby 288, Paul Keleher 286, Eugene Eglin 280, Victor Truax 278, Charles Shearston 276, Kinsley Murphy 276, Norman Wills 274, Thomas Barone 272, Leshe Nelson 271, Carl Brillo 270.

A basket-shooting contest was also held in which many high scores were made. Brown was highest with 60 points out of a possible 90. He was followed closely by Porretta with 58 points, Duwe with 57, Oates with 55, and Goggin with 55 points. This proves that we have good material for next year.

VOLLEYBALL

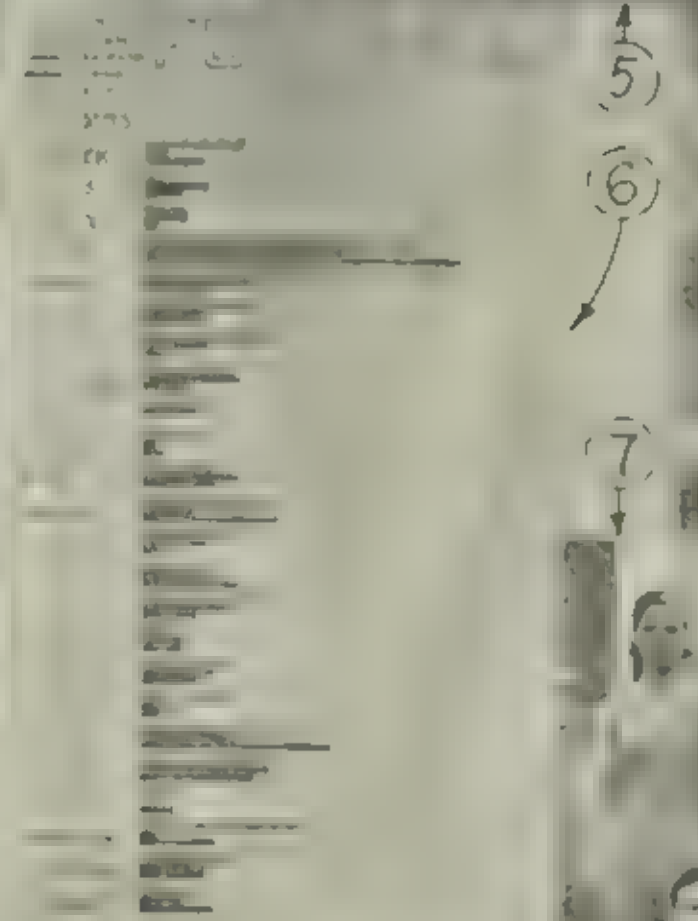
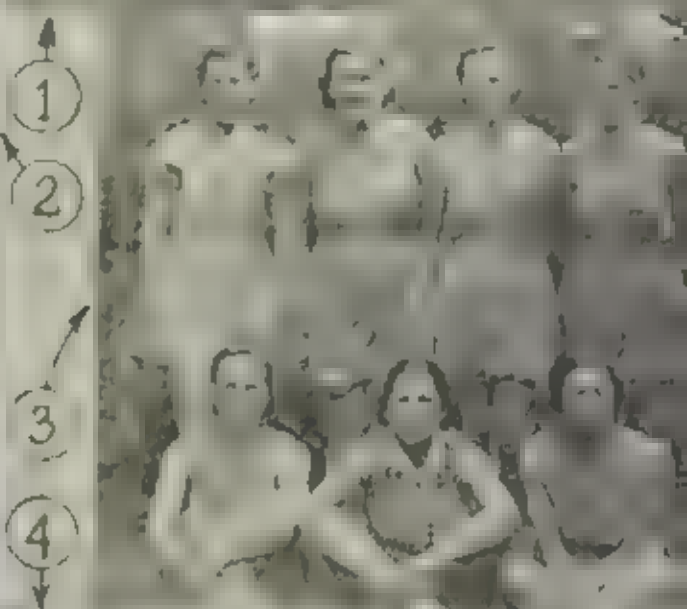
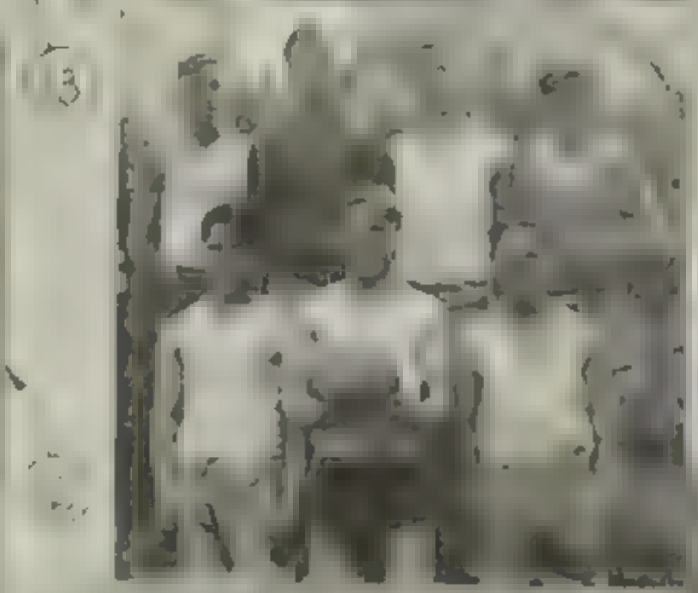
From the various gym classes a volleyball tournament was organized. The winners of the league were the Austins, composed of C. Brillo, A. Gioia, J. Gioia, G. Heary, L. Hemmer, W. Naylor, M. Thurston, and C. Fifert. To earn the championship the team had to win every series, and in every series the best two out of three games. (See picture 5.)

The team which won the volleyball consolation tournament was the Alabamas, composed of C. Enzma, J. Cascia, J. Buchanan, V. Ward, S. Salmeri, F. Laux, and J. Marotchi. The teams which made up this league were those which lost their first game. Thereafter the winning team had to take every series, and in every series two out of three games as in the other league. (See picture 9.)

OTHER SPRING SPORTS

Tennis as usual, when the weather permitted, has had a goodly number of devotees this spring. Both boys and girls have been active on the courts, and Miss Wilcox has engaged in the customary coaching and encouragement of new recruits.

Spring football practice was held for two weeks. In view of the large number of veterans and experienced subs returning next year it was found profitable to get an early start for the coming campaign. It is hoped that it will be possible to have, during the vacation, the football camp that was so helpful two years ago.



BASKET BALL
TICKET SALES



FOOTBALL TEAM

FOOTBALL

Coach—Charles L. McCabe.
 Ass't Coach—Harry K. Blakeslee.
 Captain—Robert McCarthy.
 Manager—Standish Farley.

The 1933 football season, though not a great success in games won, was highly constructive in building up material for future years. Not many of last year's veterans returned to play again, and so the team was made up in large part of new material. Of the players who did return, some were available for only part of the season.

As the season progressed, the new men rapidly developed. By gradual

shifting the quarterback problem was well solved. The line, though composed of new men in the main, gave excellent service right from the start. Light as it was, hardly any offense gained ground through our fast-charging forwards.

The home games were all held on the enclosed field at the Niagara County Fair Grounds and were well attended even in bad weather. Although the last two or three games were played with the thermometer down to zero and snow flying, the team kept up its courageous work to the very last. With plenty of veteran and good reserve material to choose from next season, we should have a very strong eleven.

Football Schedule

<i>Date</i>	<i>Opponents</i>		<i>L.H.S.</i>	<i>Opp.</i>
Sept. 30	St. Joseph	Here	0	13
Oct. 7	East Aurora	There	0	13
Oct. 14	Genesee-Wesleyan	Here	13	0
Oct. 21	Canisius Prep.	There	7	13
Oct. 28	Kenmore	Here	0	19
Nov. 4	Tonawanda	There	0	47
Nov. 11	Depew	Here	6	6
Nov. 18	Niagara Falls	There	0	13

15 Major Awards

J. Ball	C. Oliphant
N. Brady	D. Schwartz
I. Hawkes	W. Whalen
E. Hufnagel	W. Wheeler
W. Judd	I. Wiegel
C. Kenny	S. Farley
L. LaFountain	W. Whybrew
R. McCarthy	

2 Minor Awards

L. Case	J. Farley
---------	-----------

20 Numeral Awards

Blinn	Pecorora
Conrad	Perkins
B. Duwe	Riley
Enzima	Rowley
T. Farley	Ruhlman
Garlock	Shulock
Hayden	Swift
Keryk	Teal
Lallier	Watkins
Lennox	Wilson



BASKETBALL TEAM

It was a very fine day.

Paul R. Tinsley, Ph.D.

100

BASKETBALL

Coach—Charles L. McCabe

Asst. Coach—Harry K. Blakeslee

Captain—Fred McLean

Manager—Howard Fitzgerald.

The 1933-34 basketball season proved very successful for Lockport High. The season was started with three regulars from last year and one first-string substitute, which gave us a decided advantage. The league was enlarged to eight teams by the addition of Lackawanna

and Trott Vocational of Niagara Falls.

This year for the first time the four highest teams entered into a play-off tournament held at Kenmore. Lockport ended the regular season in a three-way tie for second place with Lackawanna and Kenmore. Niagara Falls won first place in the league, and Kenmore second as the result of these play-offs.

Almost all of Lockport's defeats were by close margins, the lack of good reserve material being partly responsible.

Basketball Schedule

<i>Date</i>	<i>Opponents</i>		<i>L.H.S.</i>	<i>Opp.</i>
Dec. 15	North Tonawanda	Here	17	10
Dec. 21	Tonawanda	Here	12	17
Jan. 5	Lackawanna	There	23	32
Jan. 12	Niagara Falls	Here	28	27
Jan. 19	Kenmore	There	26	23
Jan. 26	Trott Vocational	Here	27	26
Feb. 2	Batavia	There	26	28
Feb. 9	North Tonawanda	There	17	19
Feb. 16	Tonawanda	There	15	12
Feb. 21	Lackawanna	Here	25	23
Feb. 23	Niagara Falls	There	14	37
March 2	Kenmore	Here	22	21
March 9	Trott Vocational	There	24	29
March 16	Batavia	Here	31	18
March 23	Niagara Falls	Play-off	18	20
March 24	Lackawanna	Play-off	27	28

6 Major Awards

R. Bradley
W. Judd
F. McLean
R. Newell
C. Olphant
H. Fitzgerald

2 Minor Awards

H. Garlock N. Higgs

20 Numeral Awards

K. Adams	P. McCabe
J. Ball	R. McCarthy
A. Blinn	W. Pettit
N. Brady	F. Serdensky
J. Brown	W. Shulock
G. Gemner	A. Thomas
L. Grimes	P. Corrallo
R. Harris	G. Pollock
H. Mancini	J. Tracy
K. Mancini	J. Walsh





TRACK TEAM

TRACK

Coach—Albert E. Gay

Manager—Emil Eghin

Captain—Edward Hulton.

The 1934 track season got off to a flying start this year with a turn out of 59 men. With the exception of Hulton and Bratt, letter men, and King, the squad was composed of entirely new material. However, through hard work on the part of the boys and under the excellent coaching of "Doc" Gay, the team has made a very good showing so far.

Some of the leading participants in the various divisions are as follows; in the mile, Hulton, King and Ernest; in the broad jump, Bratt; in the high jump Bratt and Henning; in the hurdles, Bratt; in the pole vault, Schwartz

It is interesting to note that with the exception of three or four men the entire team is composed of freshmen and sophomores. As all these men will be back two or three years more, it is expected that in the future our track team will possess considerable strength.

On May 5 the team journeyed to East Aurora to enter a dual track meet. The score was East Aurora 59, Lockport 31. Following are some of the points earned by the Gold and Blue:

Hurdles—Bratt second.

High jump—Bratt first, 5 ft. 6 in.

Broad jump—Bratt first, 20 ft.

Mile—King first, Hulton second.

Two weeks later on May 19 the track team entered a triangular meet at Batavia with strong teams from Batavia and Kenmore. Our runners led the field in the mile, and without exerting themselves King, Hulton, and Ernest loped in forty, ten, and four yards respectively ahead of the rest of the field. Those who placed in addition are as follows:

Hurdles—Bratt third.

High jump—Bratt first, 5 ft., 9½ in

Broad jump—Bratt first, 18 ft. 8½ in.

Pole vault—Schwartz third.

Relay—Lockport third.

Although our team came in third in this meet, this did not mean so much as there was only one point between second and third places.

Again on Saturday May 26 the team went to Kenmore to engage in another three-way meet with Kenmore and Batavia. Although we lost the meet, the score being Kenmore 63½, Batavia 31, Lockport 25, our team showed up well. Our mile combination again came through and took the first three places.

The following Gold and Blue men placed in their events:

Mile—King first.

Hulton second

Ernest third

Pole vault—Schwartz first, 10 ft.

440—H. Mancini second.

High jump—Bratt, tied for second.

Broad jump—Bratt second, 20 ft. 1½.

On June 2 the great sectional meet was held at Kenmore. From ten to fourteen Western New York teams competed, among them Lockport. The finals will probably be held at Dunkirk some time later and the sectional winners be decided at that time. The results of these meets are not known as we go to press.

BASEBALL

Softball, our leading spring sport, was played this year by the majority of the boys in high school. Approximately 250 played in the two leagues formed by Coach McCabe. William Moran, Peter Corrallo, and David Ransom had charge of the teams and games.

The Home Room League consisted of Miss Ransom's, Miss Snyder's, Miss Pierce's, Miss Whitwell's, Miss Biegelow's, Mr. Meyer's and Miss Wheadrick's home room. Fifteen players from each room had to sign up to organize a team in order to lessen the possibility of forfeiting a game because of a lack of players. In some cases nearly all the students in the home room signed up

At press time Miss Ranson's room and Miss Snyder's room were leading, and after a hard-fought game the former won the championship. Last year the title was won by Mr. Meyer's home room, which received the Lloyd Cochran trophy for the year. This trophy was generously offered by Mr. Cochran two years ago and has helped considerably in stimulating interest in the softball games.

The seven teams which make up the Inter-gym Class League are Alabama, White Sox, Cardinals, Austins, Giants, Orioles, and Bisons. Although Alabama finished in first place four other teams—White Sox, Cardinals, Austins, and Giants—also had a chance to win the title. The players in these teams are from the gym classes and do not participate in the home room games.

All the contests have been played at Dudley Square and have been umpired by students. Juniors and Seniors umpired Freshmen and Sophomore games, and Freshmen and Sophomores officiated at Junior and Senior games. This arrangement has proved very satisfactory.

GIRLS' SPORTS

'Tis June the month of Roses—and the end of athletic activities in the high school until fall comes back with its football etc.

Since the last issue of the Forum, a volleyball league has been in play with approximately 165 girls participating. Teams were made up representing the various gym classes, some classes having but one team while others had two. Some excellent players were developed and keen rivalry and fun have been evident. The outcome of these games is uncertain, but from all indications the Senior teams are superior.

The basketball season ended in March with Team IV the winner of the Heavyweight Group and Team XII the champions in the Lightweight division. Team IV was made up of the following players: Pauline Sidonio, Winifred Wy-

man, Rose Marie Ben, Lucille Mohlar, Virginia McCoy, Winifred Benson, Margaret Bewley, Frances Provenzano and Genevieve Cothran. (see picture 3 page 83.)

Team XII had as its players: Esther McKeever, Dorothy Gregory, Paula Wiese, Dorothy VanTassel, Catherine DeLapa, Doris White, Dorothy Redmond, Eunice Liscoff, Irene Stephenson and Margaret Sheehan. (See picture 4, page 83.)

As a climax to the season two honor teams were chosen. This was in recognition of the best playing throughout the year, and girls were chosen from among the 18 teams playing.

Gold Team

(See picture 8 page 83.)

Daisy Clack
Jean Boggs
Paula Wiese
Marie Salmons
Lena Salmeri
Ruth Fuerch
Anita Stewart
Ruth Arlington
Genevieve Cothran

Blue Team

(See picture 7, page 83.)

Mary Bewley
Clare Ritzenthaler
Hilda Lovell
Rose Marie Ben
Arlene Dimmick
Esther McKeever
Pauline Sidonio
Elizabeth Gibbs
Frances Provenzano
Dorothy VanTassel
Mary Pound
Agnes Strong
Elsie Chase
Betty Crosby
Althea Wilson
Anna Margaret O'Reilley
Ida De Angelo

We hope to have the use of the Emmet Belknap courts for tennis, and it is planned to give instruction to those wishing to learn the game. This is a game that many should play, as it can be enjoyed for many years to come.

About twenty high school girls have offered their services as baseball umpires to go out to the various grade schools to officiate at games between the sixth, seventh, and eighth grades.

HOME ROOMS

THE GARDEN OF SENIOR GIRLS

When I arrived, the flowers in the garden were expectantly waiting for the bluebells to ring out the signal at which they might burst forth into a merry whirl of gossip. A few irrepressible tulips (Florence Sandusky, Ruth Bennett, Agnes Strong, and Alice Wilson) had already given up waiting for the bell and were busily conversing with their neighbors. As I stood at the rear gate of the garden, I heard a dauntless Marigold murmur to another, "When is Miss Becker coming back?" The wistful voice could be heard clearly in the silence of the garden and from all the flowers came back the refrain—"We miss her." However, I noted that all the flowers seemed quiet and peaceful, and so I gathered that Mr. Burns, the new gardener, was doing his best to keep the garden orderly until Miss Becker's return.

Here and there among the larger and more imposing flowers, I found some tiny violets (Elizabeth Arner, Mary Scott, Mildred Villella, Mary Morrill), whose smallness in no way detracted from their charm. They were, however, quite diminutive when placed beside the sunflowers (Marion Linney, Mary Jane Earon, Eugenia Whitmore, Adele Meyers). I noticed, too, that some of the brilliant roses (Margaret Campbell, Mary Pound, Catharine Corson, Helen Gebbie, Margaret Williams) were rapidly climbing to the very top of the bush of learning. Just within the gate I discovered, in my wanderings, some breathless asters (Sophie Ninos, Katharine Ninos, Mary Ninos, Lillian Wasvary). I stood in admiration before the flower chosen as the Queen of Beauty (Betty

Leonard), and I noticed then, that this garden contained many lovely narcissus (Janet Otto, Betty Olson, Irma Singleton).

Truly it was a fascinating garden, full of friendly, cheerful blossoms! Next year new blossoms will take their places, but never again will the garden present such a profusion of color, beauty and harmony as I have seen this afternoon.

—Anita Stewart.

MISS PIERCE'S HOME ROOM

Several members of our class have stood out in front since the last report period. Our intellectual giant, R. Hilderman, is valedictorian of the Senior Class.

Then, two members of the brass quartet, V. Smith and W. Whybrew, returned to Fredonia on May 3. They returned triumphant and won first place. On May 12, they went to Syracuse and won first place again.

E. Eghu, our commercial wiz, tried to compete for honors in Bookkeeping II at Syracuse, but he lost to worthier opponents.

In our home room, there are four outstanding trackmen: H. Bratt, Ed. Hulton, R. McCarthy, and H. O'Grady with 25, 7, 3 and 1 points respectively named, and E. Eghu as manager.



Our softball team is of *some* prominence. Although we lost two games to the Snyder and Ransom teams, we managed to beat the Meyers team. This left us with a percentage of 333. Our team is composed of F. McLean, captain and T. Banta, manager. The other players are: R. Newell, N. Higgs, G. Barry, F. Pusateri, F. Springfield, R. Bradley, R. Walk, R. McCarthy, E. Hufnagle, and H. O'Grady.

J. Zuidema is still trying to hand in those nice, clean trig. papers.

F. Marsh was seen on May 19, cutting Pence's hedge. True devotion, thru briars and brambles for her.

The members of the home room and of Miss Pierce's mathematical classes have another accomplishment, that is the "slide rule." And thus far have received practical instructions on the slide rule. The boys have insisted so much on this instruction that Miss Pierce did not have time to brush up on the methods. As a result, they held informal discussions which proved quite popular. However, one night after school Mr. Rosenberg of the Harrison Corporation came over and gave a good instruction on the use of the slide rule. He showed the use of the cylindrical slide rule, the circular rule, as well as the larger rules. But the ironic part of it all was that Mr. Rosenberg had to work overtime the next day to make up for the time that he gave to some of the boys. (A real martyr to mathematics). Many of the boys have purchased slide rules ranging from six inches to ten inches in length. However, Mr. Rosenberg has condescended to give advice in the use of the slide rule any Saturday morning. The use of the slide rule is very practical, for it can be used in computations of difficult nature where work does not have to be shown, and it can also be used in checking your work in regent examinations but not for any computations that have to be shown on the paper.

And last but not least, it is rumored that R. Walk is secretly in partnership with the Kugler Bros. Junk Co., wrecking new cars with his tractor.

—H. Argue and E. Hufnagle

MISS RANSOM'S SIGHTSEERS

We set out 52 strong September 8, some seeing the wonders of the fourth year for the first time, and some post graduates, well seasoned to such travel. Smoothly we passed through our first week, the busiest of all—marked by printed and reprinted registration cards and those program cards that we had to change so often. We lost our first member on September 11. Our speed proved too much for Barnard, and he fell overboard, going to the farm amongst the trees and the cows. September 26 was marked by shore leave for everyone and nearly all attended the County Fair. The admission being free to members, friends and teachers saw many of the members taking the dear old girl friend. You know how it goes.

Then came the first check-up by higher authority, and we were presented with our report cards—so clean, and white and shining, so bright. The marks? Well, in general, they were fair, only four of us making the honor roll.

About this time we were journeying along the other side of the street, and

B JUDD WAS RECENTLY
PRESENTED WITH A LOVING CUP
FOR BEING THE MOST FAMOUS
WOMAN HATER.



here our jolly curly-headed Jimmy Knatler became entangled with that great Harrison radiator plant and was taken from us, making the second casualty.

Then came Thanksgiving leave. We came back full of turkey and pumpkin pie—glad to be back upon our journey.

A pleasant feature and an unusual occurrence have been two pairs of twins who have accompanied us upon our cruise. The Boyer twins from the small lakeside resort, Olcott Beach, never interfere much with loud talking, for it is a fact that we have to ask them to repeat everything they say. And the Laubacker twins? They're fresh from the dewy countryside, and as we traveled our course, they pointed out to us the mysteries of science as well as the different varieties of farm products as raised in beautiful Niagara County.

About ten weeks after we started upon our course we lost another of our good members, Robert Goodling, who was transferred to the good ship "Science Department." You see he is following in the footsteps of Newton, Edison, and Buckminster. Could anyone ask for more brilliant associates?

And after the longest of shore leaves we came back to enter upon the last half of our journey. This cold and snowy session ushered in with us the new recruits from the environs of Middleport and Gasport, Glen Mudge and James Chapman. They joined us to shine up their bumps of knowledge preparatory to entering the University of Buffalo next September.

As our cruise journeyed past the A & P we lost the great and noble Roger Newton who could not miss the "attractions." And the very same day we lost Herbert Wagner, another of our P. G.'s who tired of making pictures of those upon our journey, especially Slaght, and decided to leave our party. He jumped across the street, landing in the drafting room of the Harrison Radiator

Corporation, where he is yet.

And as for our Roger MacDonald, (That's Scotch) he's our sleuth who steals in and out of the room like a mouse. And he works, too. Oh, yes! The Loblaw Company decided it needed someone to fill the customers' baskets with purchases, and as a result he fills his own with the half days' wages he earns when he works.

And on our cruise is a business genius, McDermott. Jack can give advice to hat purchasers as glibly as he talks nonsense in school.

Now I'll just bet no other room has such a sweet little senior as our Jimmy Vining. He's so sweet he boils down the sap and makes maple syrup for the faculty and his friends. Isn't that sweet of him, though?

After Oscar McNall made up his mind (not voluntarily) that he must attend school every day instead of every other day, he has been a very nice boy. And the very same is true of Lawrence Colletti.

You haven't seen our radio announcers, have you? They're Norman Brady and Edwin Maul; and I may say there's been keen competition between them, but now Brady seems to be holding the upper edge by a narrow margin. He does this by his talks on all branches of athletics, a rare treat, while Maul's is all nonsense.

Just before we received our fifth period reports, our radio gave out, and



Hesch, our repairman, climbed up to repair the aerial. The pole snapped, and Hesch dropped to the ground barely missing an iron stake, breaking one leg and injuring the other. The home roomers gathered for him a beautiful basket of fruits and other dainties and sent it to him as a remembrance.

"And still the wonder grew that one blonde head could carry all he knew." This refers to our great Dickinson with a yearly average of 92.1%. Surely this is living up to our standard of high quality. If not, why not?

It was with the utmost difficulty that we enrolled many of our members on this cruise back in '33 because no ladies were admitted to our cruising party, and they stand highly in feminine favor. These Romeos are Lawrence Ferguson, Forrest Jones, Floyd Hess, Thomas Winters, and William Orr, the latter always giving the excuse of being in lab, but we doubt his word. They spend so much time in the halls making dates with "peaches" that they come in just in time to avoid a date with Miss Ransom for tardiness.

At the beginning of the year it was found necessary that Captain Ransom have a secretary, and Slaght was found to fill that place. All year he has kept track of attendance and all such matters required of him by the captain.

When it came spring and the trees were blooming on the highways and highways, it made us think it was time to elect an Apple Blossom Queen. Did we hesitate? Not at all. As it were, we had such a large proportion of non-residents in our cruising party that we cast a large vote for Betty, the Olcott blonde. (By the way, they say it was our votes that won for her. Now I just wonder?)

And now our cruise draws toward the close; we are heading toward the rough waters and rapids of final regents exams. We are pulling on the oars as hard as we can, but we know the results will vary. Some who have had too good a

time on our year's cruise will be caught in the rough waters and stranded on the rocks where they will remain in waiting for next year's cruise. Some will pass the rocks and whirlpools and sail through victoriously into the calm, still waters of Commencement carrying with them the dear, dear memory of a pleasant year spent viewing the wonders of fourth year high.

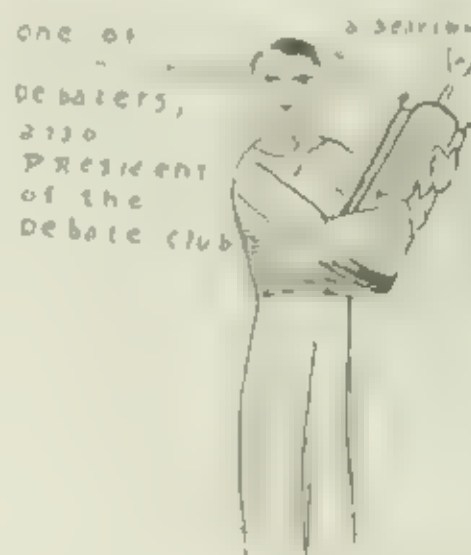
But the saddest of all takes place the last day of school. Students, it is no more than right that you join in on our cruising party and bid our dear captain, Miss Ransom, goodbye. Yes, goodbye, for this is her last year of teaching. We of her home room feel proud to think that we were the last to be under Miss Ransom's supervision, and we hope that everyone remembers her as well as we promise we will, for certainly one cannot find a better home room adviser and teacher (at least in our opinion).

And now, as we look back, we call to mind the joys and pleasures left behind. We'll surely travel different ways, but we'll remember those happy days on our sightseeing tour of fourth year high.

—Keith Slaght

MISS METZLER'S HOME ROOM

We were surprised and very delighted to find that we have a new member in our room in the person of that famous Swedish star, Greta Garbo. She received two votes for Apple Blossom



Queen in the final analysis. Who cast those two votes? We won't tell, or rather we don't know.

Who was Peggy Razl looking at when she slipped in climbing into a rumble seat lately? And did she look graceful when he picked her up!

We wonder if our famous Sally Lue Palmer does everything left-handed. How about it, Sally?

Barbara Davis and Marie Bolton, walking home the other Tuesday afternoon, were treated to ice cream cones by a certain gentleman. Which one was he after?

Betty Poole went to the P. B. O. dance with a post graduate, one of the Jones boys (no relation to Wimpy). And is a certain senior ripping!

Jean Boggs now has a fierce sunburn from playing on the golf course too long. Has this energy obtained from the sun anything to do with her always winning the bridge prizes at her weekly club?

Margaret Trott and three friends played bridge one night. Guess what time the neighbors got to sleep! About three o'clock, we'd say. Next year let's hope that Margaret gets to bed at nine o'clock like a good little senior. But her friends say there's no hope.

—Margot La Petra

MOORE SCANDAL

As it is so near commencement, I will commence to tell all the home room scandal. I think I can escape the results because when the persons involved read this it will be the end of the year.

Dorothy Redmond seems to be trying out for the girl's track team. She is so interested in getting full training that she sometimes takes a sprint to school. She even starts a little late occasionally so that she may become accustomed to running faster. However, she is seldom tardy but has to take time out for recuperating when she arrives all rosy and breathless.

It seems that Virginia Pugh was very anxious to give away her shoes on Friday the eleventh in sixth period study. I think if you asked her she would finally admit that she was suffering from blisters.

'Tis a heartless world. So thought Helen Pratt when an athletic faculty member across the hall interrupted a confidential interview in the corridor and deposited her in the home room. There were titters and giggles, but Helen wasn't tardy in any case, although it was a close call. In fact, she seemed to enjoy being arrested.

All of the girls envy Audrey Van Norwick because of her tall, handsome boy friend, who carries her books to and from school. The heavier the load is, the more he seems to enjoy it.

We are taught to keep the wolf from the door, but apparently Gerry Wilson doesn't believe in it. I'm afraid it would be very hard to keep the Wolfe from her door.

Well, we were certainly glad to welcome back Helen Gaygen when she arrived at school a few weeks ago. Although she is in school only half a day, we are glad enough for that much.

Our home room chose Audrey Van Norwick as its candidate for the Apple Blossom Festival. Close behind were



Erma Ranney and Eileen Gaygen. We believe that these three girls are very worthy of our choice.

And we even have a pair of Siamese twins! It is a fact that Laura Head and Grace Gugliuzza have been playing follow the leader for some time, whether they know it or not. First one copies the other and then vice versa. It starts in the morning every day when Laura begins to make up. Grace immediately follows suit. Laura also has been copying Grace, who is one of our never failing high honor students, by raising her marks to honors. It even seems that they are alike in another respect. Recently they have both become interested in the Art Club. These two girls have maintained quite a record

—Ruth Cothran

MR. MEYERS' HOME ROOM

In the spring young men's fancies often turn to love. That seems to happen to Phil Alix when he is sitting in a swing with his girl.

Jack Swift didn't get a chance to vote more than once the other day. I guess that is why Audrey wasn't chosen Apple Blossom Queen.

Tom Farley had three pictures of himself. Now he has only two. I wonder what girl wears it close to her heart?

Bill Thiele recently gave a speech in the English class about his latest trip to California. He neglected to tell of his visit to see Mae West. Possibly he didn't accept her invitation.

Henry Intrator has been pursued by blondes. Redheads have made eyes at him. The days seem dreary to him nevertheless. When he receives his daily note from a little brunette, everything is "Rosie."

As the year draws to a close, we dread the thought of leaving Mr. Meyers. Possibly some of us may come back to him, that is, if we fail enough subjects.

—Goldby Allison

MISS WHEADRICK'S HOME ROOM

Spring has finally come along with its beautiful, warm weather. With it has come the greatest of all sports, baseball. The boys have organized their interclass ball team and Captain Martin Teal and Manager John Leichtman expect a fairly good ball team. The members of the team are pledged to fight hard to keep up the wonderful record that Miss Wheadrick's previous home rooms have established.

A speech given lately by the athletic director, Joseph La Rocco, shows that a new entry on our basketball team had been made when he sped Harold Conley put a beautiful long shot from his seat into the wastepaper basket with his everlasting supply of chewing gum.

The most important event in the past decade in Miss Wheadrick's home room history was the election of handsome George Howard Welch as our representative to the court of the Apple Blossom Queen. This, we believe, is unprecedented in apple blossom history.

There has been a great increase in staying after school because of tardiness. Martin Teal, Rowland Riley, Iver Johnston, and John Turner have joined this throng in the last few weeks. This brought about another case for our star sleuth to solve. After working on



the case, our sleuth solved it and found out that the reason for these constant tardinesses was conversing that extra minute, after the tardy bell, with the fairer sex.

On the afternoon that the band had their picture taken, we suddenly discovered that another additional piece of furniture had been placed in the class in the person of Oliver Pels, who, attired in his band uniform, was standing in the corner of the room, for fear that if he sat down he would separate the seat of those very tight band pants from the rest of the uniform.

Donald Shumacker has just returned from the hospital and seeing that he was on the last report period's honor roll, we have assumed that his stay in the hospital for appendicitis must have agreed very well with his mental ability if not with his physical ability. He is now out for track, and we all wish him good luck in that line and give him credit for his loyalty to the track team in not letting it down.

The hockey team which consisted of Captain Lawrence Hesch, Leo Gagliardi, Raymond Ferrington, Clarence Thompson, James Dugan, and John Leitchnam received letters from the home room. Also our home room basketball stars who made the Varsity team, Philip McCabe, Iver Johnston, and Rowland Riley, received letters. More letters will be given out to the baseball players of the home room and for other things.

Miss Wheadrick's boys have had a very successful school year, and they part contented with their work in school and all hope to meet again next year. The home room boys wish to thank Miss Wheadrick for all the wonderful things that she has done for them during the school year.

—Joseph La Rocco

BIGELOW'S B. L. A. H.

Do you know what teacher in the building has been afflicted with a group of hounds which are all alone in their

kennel of fame? That is, fame for having the most tardy and absent marks of any of the home rooms. Our angry mistress has a hard time convincing herself that the excuses, which explain the many occasions when we are indispensable to our parents, are bona fide.

Many of the famous hounds do not do much howling; therefore, it makes it hard for myself, the news hound, to track them down and paw out some dirt. However, there are a few notorious pups who occasionally get into mischief. Rover Pettit, for instance, must watch carefully or he might be the cause of a suicide if he insists on taking a certain young lady to the P. B. O. dances.

By the way, our kennel is well represented in this organization, and also we had quite a large delegation at the P. B. O. sport dance.

Ransom and Watkins uphold our colors in the blueribbon class and have won this honor every six-weeks period this year. The lone Wolfe has also been in this class a few times, and altogether we have had about an average of four hounds in this class every six-weeks period.

Our sports reporter Watkins is also president of both the Junior Class and Hi-Y.

We have had one catastrophe in our kennel when Blackie Fink lost his running mate.

Tricksy Darrison has been sheared in anticipation of the warm summer months.



Will Fido Shardon be lonesome when Culver closes? Time will tell.

In spite of all our illness excuses, we seem to be a hale and hardy pack.

In as much as the editor furnished no theme, we took the forms of "Bad, Lazy, Angry, Hounds" with this thought in mind, "Every dog has his day."

—Joe Hawks, "News Hound."

MISS GERRITY'S HOME ROOM

Our last report is due again,

Come on, you snoopers, snoop;

Uncover each new love affair,

Don't let your spirits droop.

We'll make this Forum the best of all,

We'll honor our seniors well;

We'll give them a happy send-off,

With a Forum, their pranks to tell

Now we have made a visit

To the army's camp and fold;

And ridden in covered wagons,

And pioneers' dreams retold.

We've traveled whaling steamers,

Upon whose decks we've strolled;

We've held our own on each new trail,

And fought each demon bold.

Considering all these heroic deeds,

Considering exams to come;

We'd better study hard again,

And put away our fun

But don't forget that smile,

For summer will soon be here;

Take care of this last Forum,

And remember—more next year!

The baby of our home room is Dan O'Rielly, who plays peek-a-boo with a little "gal" on the opposite side of our spacious room. (P.S. He also plays patty-cake.)

Since a certain little girl sprained Rol Ruhlmann's ankle, it has begun to squeak like some of his father's special sale rollerskates. Evidently he is also very popular. He had four invitations to the Freshman Girl Reserve Dance (according to his own statement).

It seems that although he searched thoroughly, W. Craddock could not find a girl his size in the dear old Lock-

port High School, so he turned traitor to the cause and took up his delayed but undying love for his grammar school sweetheart, a little girl named Bernice. Tut, tut, first strike and two to go.

According to all reports Jack Coyle has not very high hopes of passing general science this June. He has been getting aid (or something) from Mrs. Shimer's niece D. S. quite regularly. He must be very studious when he can study from nine to twelve o'clock at her house.

William McCarthy's master mind is like a parachute. It functions only when open.

G. Gemmer surprised the home room recently by buying the first filler of paper this year. He must be trying to impress someone.

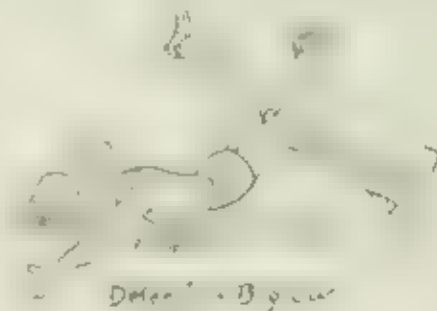
Domnick De Filippo shows a good chance of becoming a future Jimmie Durante. It must run in the family. He has a cousin J.V., who is also in the race for the honor.

Goodbye. You will hear from us next year when we are no longer freshman.

—Gerald Gemmer, Eugene Sheehan

WHITWELL'S FINAL EDITION

As we take our June inventory, we find that our home room hasn't changed much from the original. Louis La-Fountain decided that the C.C.C. was better for him than school, but before we missed him, we acquired a new member just returning from the same organization, in the person of Walter Hilger, who daily struts about and shows the muscles he developed from cutting down trees. (Or maybe saplings?) We have also acquired two



freshmen who call themselves Arthur E. Brick Jr. and George Adams. Imagine! Freshmen in our room.

As this is the softball season, we are 100% interested in our home room team. Sam Duwe and Donald Zimmerman were elected captain and manager, respectively. Carl Polvino, who has played fairly well in our recent games, tried to show off in the first game and we attribute our defeat to his errors. We have won two games out of four so far, and we intend to win the next two. Dave Schwartz intends to help us, apparently. He wore overalls to school today.

Recently another great sport came to light among our midst, being indulged in by John "Kirkwood" Patterson. It seems that while he was practicing golf, along cantered a pretty little lass, who goes by the name of Isobel Dickie, riding a horse which goes by the name of Kit. John was offered a ride and the next few weeks he appeared to be in great pain. The only explanation he could give was the fact that the horse kept coming up when he was going down. Apparently he had never ridden an equine before and when offered something for nothing, he couldn't resist.

Polvino, the great lover, recently boasted that he had been out with three different girl friends the night before. Your quite a boy, Carl. Henry Stevens, of all people, has turned farmer and is tilling the soil. He is making numerous trips to a farm some place where he is becoming a veritable rustic.

Ask Adolf Schmidt about that book that he has been carrying around.

Well, that's about all, and until next year, when we will all be dignified seniors, we bid you a fond adieu.

Signed—Robert McDonough,
Donald Zimmerman.

STATION B-U-R-T

"This is station B-U-R-T announcing from the home room at the other end of the hall. This evening we have for

our speaker Mr. Nosey, who will talk on the news of the day. He has requested that the people do not take any of his news to heart. May I now introduce Mr. Nosey.

"Good evening, Forum listeners. As my time is limited and as this is the last broadcast of the year, I wish to say as much as possible in the time allowed me.

"Doris Simonds has a very becoming scratch on her forehead. 'You ought to see the other girl,' declared Doris, when asked about it. I also wonder how Doris will spend her spare time when Rog Bradley goes away to college in the fall.

"Many people have asked me what Alvera Hofert sees in the wrestling matches.

"Oh dear, it's so sad, but the news has arrived that the dear old friend of Corrinne Schrader is expecting to go away.

You've heard the saying 'turn about is fair play', and it applies to Edith Volschow. Standish Farley took her to the Hi-Y dance, and in return Edith took him to the Girl Reserve dance.

"May I offer my deepest apologies to Mary Frombgen if the news of the last broadcast caused any trouble between her and hers?

"Janet Welsh has not been to Medina of late but spends her time in Gasport. Adison Rising is showing her around town lately.

Since Mildred Holgate has been going with Eddie, she has been frequently seen stepping out.

"When the juniors were having their

HOW MANY FOUNTAIN PEN ACQUAINTANCES
HAVE BEEN MADE THIS YEAR?



picture taken, Juleen Cunningham looked around and then remarked 'Don't we look like one big happy family?'

"It has been revealed that Rosie Ben and Maxie Intrator are getting along pretty well, in fact, just fine. We never thought it would last that long, but we often get fooled.

"It certainly was a good thing that Aretha Ritzenhaler managed to make up with her Buel, or we probably would have had to send her lilies. She was home sick for a couple of days and tried to say it was the painting at home that caused it, but we know differently.

"May I suggest that a few bottles of ketchup be purchased for Juleen Cunningham, Mary Frombgen and Josephine Mitchell so they can get to school on time and avoid blue cards?

"Eleanor Holmes has been trying to avoid Bob Fraser lately. Maybe she is afraid that, with his prisoner's hair cut, they will mistake him for Dillinger and arrest her for being his companion.

"It seemed very lonesome having Margaret Slattery out of school for almost three weeks while she was ill. But we are glad she is better and back again.

"Well, I see that my time is up and I must say goodbye."

"Ladies and gentlemen, you have been listening to the interesting news of Mr. Nosey, broadcasting for the last time this season. This is station B-U-R-T signing off. Good night."

—Dolores Stern.

MISS SNYDER'S HOME ROOM

Our beloved teacher has promised us a fine picnic to be held near some water in which the boys can swim and cool off.

Up to date our home room soft ball team has no defeats and two victories, the Pierce and Whitwell teams being the victims. By the way we received a treat of ice cream for defeating the Pierce team. Serdensky, Mancini, and Ryan

are the outstanding stars so far on our team

Most all the boys have suffered slight drops in their marks because spring is here and the "L" bug has bitten most of them. "L" stands for lazy and ——!

Don Covell's girl makes her appearance every day in our room, but she doesn't talk to Don. We wonder why?

An inside tip informed us that Matthew Finn is receiving some extraordinary letters from his newest girl friend.

Charley Fraizer says that he sits out in front of the school just for air. That's what he wants others to think

Don Covell just got a new style hair cut with a wing effect over his ears.

—Harry Mulligan.

THE ZIMMER MEN

Our good friend Daniel Webster ably defines an alibi as "the plea of having been elsewhere when the alleged act was committed." Mr. Zimmerman's home room is full of them

Victor Amoroso pleads guilty to his weakness for dancing, and Howard Anstead tries to explain to us that in his younger days he was quite slender. Is it possible? Robert Hare is paying considerable attention to Gin Tooher; he'll pay all right. We suggest that Louie Luckman either put sinkers on his band pants or else wear hip boots. Jimmie Durante will have a rival snuzzle in his old age. Glance at Arthur Blinn's. Stanley Blankowski's secret ambition is to shake hands with the fellow who stab-

ROBERT HYDE AT THE
END OF A STRENUOUS
WEEK



bed Caesar. Jim Brady can skip other things besides rope. Henry made a lady out of Lizzie, but Eric Meyers is making a regular wreck out of theirs. Mike Bucolo's ambition is to be one of the "four horse men." We suggest he try ponies first.

The Sub Deb dance had as two of its distinguished guests Miss Olive Engert and Master Carl Bush. We wonder where Anthony Calos was last Friday afternoon? Albert D'Attilio must own a cattle ranch; he's been trying to sell some barbecue tickets to us for the last six months. Norman Day has been absent from school for over a month following an operation for appendicitis at the city hospital; also at the same time Frank Rose was absent for the same thing. Two lovely sprays of flowers were sent to both and were graciously acknowledged. The Easter bunny gave Bob Hayden a surprise when Hulda Libbey accepted his invitation to the Hi-Y dance. George Heary broke a record in the gym class the other day, but it was of little importance because most people like the radio better now anyway. Edward Hensal will be a physical wreck due to the sudden exclamations of Miss Pusateri. Wilham Hoffman jumped exactly three feet in the recent gym class test. Earl Jones thoroughly enjoyed sitting in the double seats in Miss Pusateri's room until she moved Jane Morrill away from him. Fred Laux is rapidly progressing with the clarinet, or perhaps it is the clarinetist. Ask Margaret Trott. Alvin Lennox said that he had a good time at the Niagara Falls music festival; she at least walked down for an ice cream cone with him. The next thing that Lockwood and Walker will be needing to fix their car is a can-opener or a sledge hammer. Bob Montondo agrees with the popular saying "a different girl every night," but he still thinks Kay Slate is very nice. Remick Parkway has some fascination for him and George Neale although they must

admit that they make quite frequent calls upon Donna Flanders. From the way Philip Rapp swings on the ropes and ladders in gym class one would think he had contracted zoanthropy. John Remick promised Juleen Cunningham he would do anything she wished, but when she asked him to howl like Tarzan in the library, he refused. It is rumored that Gerald Rosenberg is "budding out"; he'll have to in order to feel natural with Betty Farley. Joe Scirto can sell Latin fruits and vegetables better than he can learn Latin. We suggest that we donate derbies to Charley Shearston and Johnnie Symes; they both call each other "Jake." Leighton Taylor seems to be very well acquainted with the beauties in the Barker band. We wonder where he has spent his spare time. Harry Suthers seems to be comfortable in his German bush top. Randolph Waters was seen playing cowboy the other day over on Cottage Street with a pistol, cowboy hat, an' everythin'. Shootin' Bull and Randy seem to be great pals!

Mr. Zimmerman's home room class



during the past year have been one large fraternal scholastic group. Everybody has had his share of fun and has enjoyed the companionship of his fellow students. We all greatly appreciate the splendid guidance which Mr. Zimmerman has shown us and wish to express our many thanks at this time.

—Paul Davenport.

MR. ROSS' REPORT

"This is station R-O-S-S bringing to you for the next fifteen minutes Alten Inckel who will relate to you the latest and most impressive happenings of the last six weeks."

"Mr. Alten Inckel."

"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. I have a lot to tell you this evening, so let's get right down to business."

"Bertha Fuerch and Flee (for short) McCoy remained after school again today for the same old reason, talking

"Jeannette Hutchings succeeded in winning a medal for typing, and she was also registered on the team that won the trophy for Commercial Arithmetic.

"Tonight I have a surprise for you. I have some new love affairs and new developments on some old ones.

"Our girls seem to have made quite a hit at Niagara Falls, at least Margaret Savage receives a letter about twice a week that appears very personal, and Evelyn Wollaber is wearing a Niagara Falls High School ring.

Mary Brong, who "by the way," was chosen to represent our home room in the selection of the Apple Blossom Queen, seems to be having trouble deciding which set of initials she likes best G. A., B. J. C., or S. F. Or isn't it the initials, Mary?

"One of our sophomore girls, namely Helen Smith, has fallen hard for a freshman, Teddy G. (And that, mine friend, is all I could find out.)

"Ruth Fuerch just recently refused another invitation to a dance. Bye the

bye that invitation was extended by a P.G.

Who is this dark handsome fellow Lois Lennbrook strolls with every noon?

"Two of our girls have gone in for writing letters. Helen Humphrey is carrying on a secret or rather was a secret correspondence with someone in her algebra class

"Helen Steiner is writing to a Mr. Sechrist who is enlisted in a reforestation camp. They couldn't be writing about the lumber!

"I am afraid something serious has happened to Ephie Schad because for a pastime she has started reading Tarzan books. Unfortunately she lost her book the other day, and her enthusiasm was so great she inquired at the desk and some kind soul returned it unharmed.

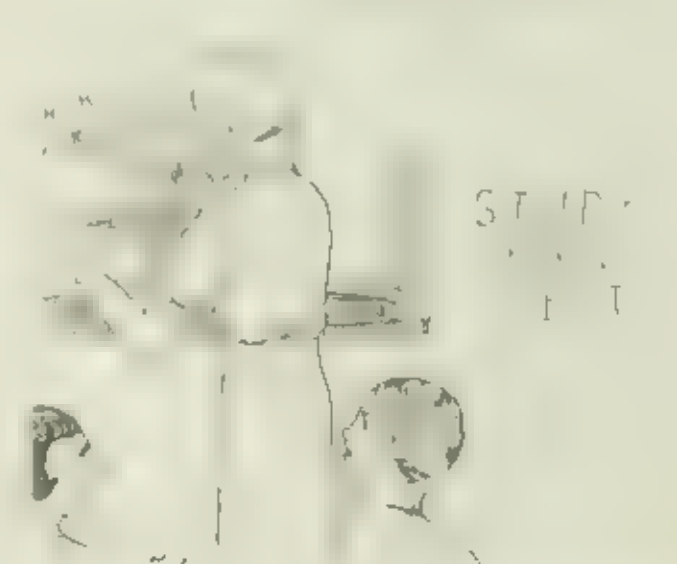
"Well Dick didn't forget Marjorie's birthday or wasn't it Dick who sent the roses, Marj?

"Have you noticed just about every time you see F. Lamont in the hall she is with E. Shaffer. I thought he went with the big sister.

"And now, folks, we have the feature of the evening a love affair which has been budding for two years has burst into bloom and is coming along fine. Cupid's victims are Blanche Dussault and H. Andrews.—Good night, all."

"Thank you, Mr. Inckel, Station R-O-S-S signing off—Good evening."

—Marie McDonnell



MISS BURKE'S COMMUNITY GOSSIP

Miss Audrey Brooks, Miss Margurite Lane, Mr. Duane Taylor, Mr. Lynn Ball, Mr. Grant Herrick, and Mr. Paul Stranges left our community Friday afternoon, May 11, and went to the Falls to play with the rest of the high school bandsters.

We have some new neighbors in our community; namely Miss Dorothy McKeever, Miss Elizabeth McKeever, Mr. Stanley Callahan, and Mr. James Shannon.

Miss Mary Ferguson's little dog Scottie was bound to have his picture taken with all the freshmen on Tuesday afternoon, May 15. Mr. Ward held him off to one side, but it may be that the camera's range was too wide and caught him anyway.

We have two members who are very interested in marionettes. Their names are Miss Mary Taylor and Miss Audrey Dreher.

Thump, thump, thump, and then a bang! Sure! You might know it's Grant Herrick coming in kicking his instrument case along the floor. But he can come in quietly, for when our teacher, Miss Burke made him go out to return quietly, he walked in with his instrument case like a guardian angel.

Buzz! Buzz! The girls seem excited about something.

Buzz! Buzz! Who was that? Only Miss Donna Ulrich asking someone else about the Freshman Girl Reserve Dance.

Buzz! Buzz! Who was that! Only Marjorie Healy talking about the Freshman Girl Reserve Dance. She is on the committee.

Miss Burke: Miss Mary McDermott was that you talking?

Miss Mary McDermott: No, Miss Burke, I wasn't talking. I was just asking—

Well, the school year is drawing to a close and our big home room of 97 boys and girls is now well acquainted.

But every happy beginning must have a sad ending so we will bid adieu and sign off our last report.

Mary Ferguson
Mary McDermott
Laverne Dohring
Burton Lenhart.

MISS REYNOLDS' HOME ROOM

Calling all cars, the Merry Reynolds' Class is on the rampage again. Well, here it is May, the month of flowers, but we, of the Merry Reynolds' Home Room, get little occasion to view the beauties of nature except thru an open window.

Regents time is almost here and we are raring to go. Don't misinterpret us, we aren't raring to take the regents, but on the contrary not to take them. No one takes any books home as we think it is a bad habit to get into.

Frank G. Smith, our own Dillinger, has threatened to put John Reese "on the spot" for captivating the interests of his "lady love" but we are not revealing the identity of the fair damsel.

The funny papers still hold that certain attraction for Harold Heinz (not the 58th variety) and Frank Smith. They have sheepish looks when caught sneaking glances at said article.

Bill Lennox, Tiger Ace Junior, our plain and fancy roller skater (mostly plain) frequents Remick Parkway quite a bit. That's where he falls for the blondes.

Peter Corson, who keeps the ties between New York and the Annex warm, came back last time to the surprise of all with a broad New York accent Hawncy that, my deah!

The mystery of the missing books is still unsolved. Bill Smith, sleuth and indulger in dime novels, has been on the case for some time with no results.

We all unanimously agree that by proven rights Dave Gebbie's surname should be "gabby." If you won't take

our word for it, come up some time and hear him debate.

Jack Stinson was so anxious to get his name in the Forum that he broke his leg in an effort to create some excitement.

—Robert Secrist.

Richard Boerman

MR. TAVROW'S HOME ROOM DIARY

Monday: Madeline Bull and the boy friend go walking—with a chaperone. Dorothy Holder expresses her opinions of Lockport fellows by going to Buffalo for a boy friend. (Is she just hard to please or is she dazzled by the bright lights?)

Tuesday: Barbara Gifford willingly remains after school for Mr. Tavrow. The cause is unknown as yet. Maybe someone wearing long pants.

Wednesday: Doris Clack we believe will receive a movie contract to play opposite Johnny Weissmuller in "Tarzan and His Mate" because of her daring stunts in gym.

Thursday: Mariella Cam, Thelma Nelson, and June Meyers return after serious illnesses. Mariella's vocal cords are still weak. I hope to thank the doctor.

Friday: It's out! Katy Lemhan and Leshe Rawlings are looking mysterious. Edna VanDusen has a silent love and Thelma Hauser goes to the theater with an unknown. —Doris M. Criswell

MISS KENNEY'S HOME ROOM

As I entered the large city surrounding the widest bridge in the country, I wondered how many of my old school mates still resided here. "A few of them must," I thought and looked in the city directory. "Sure enough, here was one already. Herbert Clark, Mm," I mused, "I wonder if he still sits outside of beautiful ladies' homes serenading them till all hours of the morning?" I wrote his address down and looked farther into the book until I came to

Edward Getz' name. "Does he still take his girl to a restaurant for a sandwich and then go to her home and raid the refrigerator?" I asked myself.

After I had put aside the directory, I walked down the street and saw a young man walking slowly to and fro. I asked a bystander who it was and he replied, "That's Racehorse Phuleo, but he won't run since he got his mane cut." This reminded me of the time the freshman class was having its picture taken. The girls were just climbing up on the platform when Charlie, who was sitting on the top row, exclaimed, "Help! I'm falling!"

Just then I saw a sign reading, Harry Millard, Lawyer. Was I surprised? When he was a student at Lockport High School, he was always absent. What could have changed him so? I entered and asked to see Mr. Millard. "I am sorry," said the stenographer, "but he is out."

"When may I see him?" I asked.

"That's hard to say," she replied.

"Is he that busy?" I inquired.

"Oh! No, you see he only gets here about once a week. He is always absent," she replied.

As I was walking out of the building, I saw Oliver DuPont rushing thru the doorway. I re-entered the building and inquired why Mr. DuPont was in such a rush.

She said, "Mr. DuPont was caught skipping town. He owes the company four thousand dollars."

"How come? I didn't think that of Mr. DuPont. What did he do?" I asked.

"Well, Mr. Millard imposed a ten cent fine on everybody who came one minute late with a quarter for each five minutes thereafter. Mr. DuPont has never arrived on time."

As I walked out of the office I said under my breath, "Times haven't changed a bit."

—William Moore.

MR. WARD'S HOME ROOM

Well, we are with you for the last time this year, we are sorry to say, but before we leave we wish to tell you something.

Carl Shuefelt's disgust at being called cute by certain girls is very plain.

That tall blonde boy you see ambling around the school is Alex Kolensky, who sees himself, as a combined maestro and star athlete.

Thomas Oates has been seen walking to school with several different girls, but when questioned says they're his cousins.

John Zinni thought he sounded fierce as he tried to imitate the deep dyed villain of some radio drama, but he couldn't fool us. We saw the grease on his hair.

Irving Cunningham has found a new attraction in life, and it takes him to Remick Parkway almost every evening. She's a blonde.

Drawings of Wimpy, the Goon and Jiggs have appeared on our blackboards so frequently this year that now we regard them almost as classmates.

Our representatives in the various musical clubs this year have been Tom Rignel, Alex Kolensky, Ralph Carter and yours truly.

With these last words we close for the year. —William Whybrew.

MRS. SHIMER'S QUESTION BOX

1. Who is it that Malcolm Walker has been teaching to drive a car?

Answer—Mae Shadow.

2. Who is that tall, dark, and handsome young man who has been keeping Helen Schaffer rushed these days?

Answer—Bud Murtaugh.

3. Why did Rachel Day leave school?

Answer—Maybe she couldn't take it.

4. Which one of us is always wishing every day were Friday?

Answer—Jessie King (Asst. Ed. What a class!)

5. Who has N. B. been rushing of late?

Answer—Possibly Vivian Rudder.

6. Can you tell us why Marion Grant is absent so frequently?

Answer—Heart trouble?

7. Why did Anna Kenny purchase that orange jacket?

Answer—Is there a male behind it?

8. Who is our star pupil?

Answer—Marie Kandt (Asst. Ed. It is evident that "can't" isn't in her vocabulary.)

MISS WEST'S QUESTIONNAIRE

A small test is presented below with ten credits for each correct answer. Your standing on this particular test will show you definitely how well informed you are on the latest news.

1. Who is the guilty one who draws Betty Baysor's attention away from her work during fourth period algebra? Is it a red head?

2. What has happened to Jean Taylor's school chauffeur? Isn't the clutch good any more, Jean?

3. Why is it that Gladys Thomas enjoys being the class clown?

4. Looking up at Betty Brown, we decided that the match with a certain tall freshman goes exceedingly well. Is that right, Betty?

5. Why is it that Jean Wentworth constantly combs her hair? Who's behind it all?

6. Evidently Lucy Serio studies her x's and y's at home. Why can't we all try this and also attain high honors in algebra?

7. What is the enjoyment that Marie Nelson gets from sliding down bannisters?

8. If Geraldine Ellert's comb and mirror were missing, would she care to pass classes?

9. Why is it that Virginia Gilbert takes pity on the starving in the class and passes around candy?

—Bob Murdock and Jean Vedder

EXCHANGES

My parents told me not to smoke;
 I don't.
 Or listen to a naughty joke;
 I don't.
 They made it clear I must not wink
 At pretty girls or even think
 About intoxicating drink;
 I don't.

To dance or flirt is very wrong;
 I don't.
 I don't use women, wine and song;
 I don't.
 I kiss no girls, not even one.
 I do not know how it is done.
 You wouldn't think I'd have much fun;
 I don't.

—The Chronicle. Niagara Falls High School, Niagara Falls, New York.

VIEW POINTS

From "The Tattler," Ithaca High School, Ithaca, New York.

It's a queer world. Remain silent and others suspect that you are ignorant;
 talk and you remove all doubt of it.

* * *

We can't understand how the ant acquired such a reputation for being so in-
 dustrious. Nearly all we ever saw were on a picnic.

* * *

She doesn't kiss or neck or anything—she is nobody's fuel.

* * *

Weather forecast: Rain and warmer Monday probably followed by Tuesday.

From "Student Prints," St. Joseph's Collegiate Institute, Buffalo, New York.

On looking at his report card the other day, Ernst exclaimed, "Why, I'm as
 famous as Washington. I've gone down in history."

* * *

A certain fellow has been looking for a question mark on every clock he
 sees, because he recently noticed on a dance ticket, "Dancing from 10 till?"

* * *

An orchestra leader is quite a brave bohunk, come to think of it. At least, he's
 always willing to face the music.

* * *

If you want to get dizzy, just read a circular letter.

Goliath was so astonished when David hit him with a stone, because such a thing had never entered his mind before.

Helen: "Did you get your hair cut?"

Lucie: "No, I just washed it and it shrank."

—"The Stylus," Brockport Normal School, Brockport, New York

Parson: "Do you know where little boys go when they smoke?"

Boy: "Yep; up the alley."

—"The Tattler," Hume-Fogg High School, Nashville, Tennessee.

Dunkirk High School also saw the moving picture offered by a representative of the M. S. Hershey Company, of Hershey, Pennsylvania. The equipment alone, used in this advertising program, was valued at \$1500. The films were valued at \$200.

—"High School Citizen," Dunkirk High School, Dunkirk, New York.

John: "I could dance like this forever."

John: "No, you're bound to improve."

—"The Searchlight," Williamsville High School, Williamsville, New York

If you were to turn and look yourself squarely in the face, what would you find you needed most? A rubber neck of course.

—"Brown and White," East Rochester High School, East Rochester, N. Y.

Teacher: "— and what I say goes!"

Pupil (in a small voice): "Yeah, in one ear and out the other."

—"The Oracle," Rensselaer High School, Rensselaer, New York.

Niagara Falls High School has excellent suggestions for future exam questions:

1. True or False:

a. Immigration from junior schools should be stopped.

b. The best way to keep your boy friend is to keep him away from your girl friend.

2. When was the War of 1812?

3. Write a précis on the following, condensing to one-fifth the original:
His name was John.

4. Write a book report on the following: "The Three Little Pigs."

—"The Chronicle," Niagara Falls High School, Niagara Falls, New York

Pretty Cleaver, Eh:

I never sausage eyes as thine,

And if you'll butcher hand in mine,

And liver round me every day,

We'll find some ham-let far away.

We'll meat life's frown with life's caress

And cleaver road to happiness.

—"Student Prints," St. Joseph's Collegiate Institute, Buffalo, New York.

George: Jean certainly is a polished girl, isn't she?

Bud: Indeed she is. Everything she says casts a reflection on somebody else.

—"The Red and Black," Friends' Academy, Locust Valley, Long Island.

Bright Bits from Real Life

Columbus was the son of his brother Diego.

The dust in the air purifies the rain as it passes through.

The greatest canal in the world is the Suez Canal, which was dug to afford transportation into New York. It connects the Isthmus of Suez with the Great Lakes

The storm raged all night.

Henry VIII and Elizabeth were two of the Tutors of England

Vesuvius was one of Caesar's generals.

—"The Owl," Gilroy High School, Gilroy, California.

In the spring a young man's fancies turn lightly to things girls have been thinking about all winter.

—"The Orange Leaf," Orange High School, Orange, New Jersey.

Teacher: "What is it that is made up of a number of cells?"

Pupil: "Sing Sing."

—"The Oracle," Rensselaer High School, Rensselaer, New York

A Vegetarian Lover

Dear Sweet Pea—

Do you carrot all for me? My heart beets for you and my love is as soft as squash. But I'm strong as an onion for you're a peach. With your turnip nose and your radish hair you are the apple of my eye. If you cantaloupe with me, lettuce marry anyhow, for I know weed make a pear.

Love,

Joe Gilp, the Demon Lover,

—"Student Prints," St. Joseph's Collegiate Institute, Buffalo, New York

It was on the Western Front. Whitey and Sam were due for scout duty and the captain ordered them to conceal themselves in a cow's hide and graze toward the German trenches. Whitey was given the front legs and Sam the hind legs. All went well until Whitey received a terrific kick from his buddy.

"Hey, what's the idea?" he hissed. "What's the matter?"

"Matter!" snorted Sam. "Here comes a German with a milk pail!"

—"The Echo," Hume-Fogg High School, Nashville, Tennessee.

Miss Potter: "Now watch the board closely while I go through it again."

—"The Ulsterette," Saugerties High School, Saugerties, New York.

Little Marvin found a button in his salad. He remarked, "I suppose it fell off while the salad was dressing."

—"The Beacon," Lansingburgh High School, Troy, New York.

She: Why I can't marry you. You're practically penniless.

He: That's nothing. Even the Czar of Russia was Nicholas.

—"The Red and Black," Friends Academy, Locust Valley, New York.

Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute

TROY, NEW YORK

ENGINEERING, ARCHITECTURE,
SCIENCE AND BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION

THE Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute was established at Troy, New York, in 1824, and is the oldest school of engineering and science in the United States.

Four year courses leading to degrees are offered, in Civil, Mechanical, Aeronautical, Electrical, Chemical, Industrial and Metallurgical Engineering, in Architecture, and in Business Administration, Physics, Chemistry, and Biology.

Graduate courses leading to Master and Doctor degrees are also offered.

An interesting pamphlet entitled "Life at Rensselaer," also catalogue and other illustrated bulletins may be obtained by applying to the Publications Office, Room 008, Pittsburgh Building

GENE BARBER and BEAUTY SHOP

E. J. Emmendorfer, Prop.

Corner Locust & Walnut Streets

Lockport, N. Y.

Business Phone 2860

Residence Phone 1956-J

Permanent Waving—Spiral and Croquaine Wind

What is the Difference?

Just as a famous radio star was about to go on the air in one of his radio programs, he got a long distance call from a pal in a distant city.

"The broadcast was great! You were marvelous, Al!" the friend gushed.

"But heavens man!" shouted the radio star, "I haven't even started yet."

For a moment there was silence, then this comeback: "Yeah, but you forget the three hours' difference in time. You're all through here."

Flowers and Plants

"Fresh From Our Greenhouses Every Day"

PHONE Lewis Flower Shop PHONE

84

119 MAIN ST.

84

High Grade Chocolates

Sold at

PLASTER'S NEWS CO.

31 Locust Street

Magazines and Athletic Goods

"Get the dope on this accident," said the editor of the college paper to the cub reporter. "And when you write the story, remember that brevity is the soul of the newspaper. Never use two words where one will do. Now get going." A few hours later the reporter handed in his copy. "Professor Stapleton struck a match to see if there was any gasoline in his tank," the story read. "Age 55."
—*Reserve Red Cat.*

HOLLAND ELECTRIC SHOP

50 Locust Street

Automotive Electricians

Wrong Ring

Little Doris returned unusually early from school. She rang the door bell but received no answer. She rang again, a little longer, but still no answer. A third time she pushed the button, long and

hard, but nobody came to the door.

Then she pushed open the letter box, and in a shrill voice which carried to the ears of every neighbor in the block, shouted: "It's all right, Mamma, I ain't the installment man!"

Picture Frames and Greeting Cards our specialties

CROFT'S ART STORE

44 Main St.

Lockport, N. Y.

FLORENCE BRADLEY WEIDINGER

TEACHER OF PIANO

Post Graduate Musician — Beginners a Specialty

RES. STUDIO 110 GRAND STREET

PHONE 2249 R

Oh, Ethyl!

It was dusk as she stopped at the filling station. "I want a quart of red oil," she said to the service man. The man gasped and hesitated.

"Give me a quart of red oil," she repeated.

"A quart of red oil?" he stammered.

"Certainly," she said, "my tail light is out."

AFTER — SCHOOL—THE SHOW—SHOPPING

Try our Sodas, Sundaes and Tasty Toasted Sandwiches

JAMES CHOCOLATE SHOPPE

40 MAIN ST.

Patronize Our Advertisers



ANDREW CARNEGIE

said:

"It is not the capital that men require; it is the man who has proved that he has the business habits which create capital."

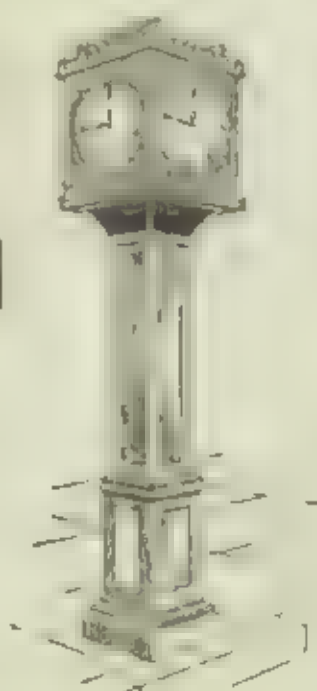
The Greatest Proof of Business Habits is the

HABIT OF SAVING

Start an account with us and if you are persistent, independence will follow.

Niagara County National
Bank and Trust Co.

Member Marine Midland Group
Member Federal Reserve System



When making purchases mention "The Forum"

THE FORUM

Page One Hundred Eleven

THE HAGUE STUDIO

Quality Photographs

C. BEVELAND, Prop.

Lincoln Building

Lockport, N. Y.

OUR AIM IS TO PLEASE

Teacher (answering phone): You say John Jones has a bad cold and can't come to school? Who is this speaking?

Voice (in harsh tone): This is my father.—*Ga. Tech. Yellow Jacket.*

When an All-American Gd.,
Whose tackles had always been hd.,
Faced earning a living
He found he'd been giving
His studies too little regd.

Woolworth's 5c & 10c

D. F. NEELON

MEAT MARKET

Phone 780

207 Washburn Street

She: The directions say to rub the surface down with steel wool. What on earth is steel wool?

He: I'm not sure, but I think it's made from the fleece of hydraulic rams.—*Annapolis Log.*

Note, Will You Be Good

Roberta (bored): "Well, what shall we do this evening?"

Robert: "Let's think hard —"

Roberta: "... let's do something you can do, too."

Home Made Ice Cream and Candies—Special Prices for Schools & Charities

ROYAL CONFECTIONERY

11 LOCUST STREET

LOCKPORT, N. Y.

Arthur J. Pautler, D. D. S.

10 West Main Street

Lockport, N. Y.

Patronize Our Advertisers

GREETINGS TO ALL

... FROM ...

E. H. FERREE COMPANY

Creators and Manufacturers

SMALL LEATHER SPECIALTIES

Located in Lockport since 1894 and helping
to tell the U. S. about Lockport by the fact
that one or more stores in every city and
town in the United States has Ferree
Lockport-made goods on sale.

Identified

One day an American officer was reconnoitering in the war zone when he met a pleasant-faced boy in the uniform of a British subaltern. "Who are you?" he challenged.

"The Prince of Wales," the young man replied.

"Sure," replied the American colonel, with an accent of derisive skepticism.

"Who are you, sir," asked the young man.

"Oh, I'm the King of England," said the officer. "Beat it."

Some nights later the two men met in a Red Cross hut, and the American was visibly embarrassed on learning that the young man really was the Prince of Wales. With a twinkling smile the Prince waved him a friendly greeting and called out cheerfully, "Hello, Dad!"

INSURANCE — REAL ESTATE — BONDS

Million Dollar Companies Exclusively

HENRY J. BRUMLEY

Lockport, N. Y.

WRIGHT'S CONFECTIONERY

EAST AVE. at WASHBURN

Sodas, Sundae's, Candies, Magazines and Lunches

When making purchases mention "The Forum"

PALACE DRUG CO.

PALACE THEATRE BLDG.

LOCKPORT, N. Y.

PHONE 2461

KRINKE'S BEAUTY SHOP

All branches of beauty work expertly done

REALISTIC PERMANENTS

183 EAST AVENUE

PHONE 1014

Proof Positive

Tommy came home with a nice new golf ball.

"Look at the lost ball I found on the lawn, Daddy," he said.

"But you are sure, Tommy," said Mr. Traddles, "that it was a lost ball—honest?"

"Oh, yes," said the boy, "I saw the man and the caddy looking for it."

Graduation Footwear

We have just the proper shoe for every purpose whether for Dress, Sport or ordinary wear

Most styles priced at \$3.00.

MOONEY & SYMES

57 MAIN STREET

LOCKPORT, N. Y.

Selections from

Mala kept up his strenuous

For obvious
understand, . . .

do not

ice of Habit

"Want gas?" asked the den-
e placed the patient in the chair.
aid the absent-minded pro-
fessor. "About five gallons—and take
a look at the oil."

JENSS SPECIALTY SHOP

Peter F. JESS, Manager

57 MAIN STREET

LOCKPORT, N. Y.

Join A Girl Reserve Club!

MEETINGS AT THE Y. W. C. A.

Every Tuesday 4:00 — Senior High Club

Friday 4:00 — Freshman High Club

Wednesday 4:00 — Eighth Grade Club

Patronize Our Advertisers

E. F. BUEHRING

10 SPAULDING ST. Phone 28 LOCKPORT, N.Y.

Quality Groceries

American Fruit Growers, Inc.

Cold Storage

Hawley Street

G. L. PUGH, Mgr.

Prexy (visiting classroom): I say, professor, why do you keep this large box o' apples by your desk. Surely, you

Professor: I don't eat them. You see, sir, our salaries have been cut so much lately that I sell them to students. *My Kitty!*



Broken Hexes can not be Welded
LOCKPORT ENGINEERING WORKS, Inc.
33 MARKET ST. PHONE 1290

The absent minded professor returned home one night and found he had forgotten his key. He knocked at the door and a maid called from one of the upper windows, "The professor is

not at home."

"Oh, isn't he?" remarked the A. M. maid.

Then turning to go, he added, "Thank you, I'll call again."

Permanent Waving—Marcelling—Finger Waving

WILSON'S BARBER SHOP

All kinds of barber and beauty work done

Phone 465

15 Locust St.

BIG BRIDGE CIGAR STORE

LOUIS SONNENMEIER, Prop

Tobacco, Confectionery and Five Pocket Billiard Tables

NO. 9 BUFFALO STREET

LOCKPORT, N.Y.

**CLIFFORD
FOR LUMBER**

When making purchases mention "The Forum"

THE FORUM

Page One Hundred Fifteen

Katherine McGovern

Exclusive Millinery

125 Main Street

2nd Floor

DR. H. D. WOLPERT

Dentist

203 - 204 BEWLEY BUILDING

Bringing thoughts of home is a picture postcard of the surf of California, printed in Chicago and showing a lighthouse at Nahant (Mass.).—*Montreal Star*

"I haven't much time for meals," said the bus driver. "I generally have a bite at the wheel."

"That's a bit tough, I should think," said his listener.—*Montreal Star*.

PILS & ANSTEAD CORPORATION

Distinctive Furnishings for the Home

We nominate for oblivion those people who think that because they have had two drinks they should be excused for their actions. People who say to your gal, "you sweet thing." People who answer civil questions with "What do you think?" Student leaders who think they are diplomats because they say "Yes." Professors who keep you waiting and the same ones who bawl you out for being late to class.—*Mountain Goat*.

The trouble with the railroads is, the ties aren't spaced right. We've been getting about the country a good bit lately, and the railroads haven't been much comfort. If you step on every tie, they're too close together; and if you take two at a stride, they're too far apart. The Government, if it takes over the roads, ought to give us ties spaced so a man can walk naturally.—*Yorker*.

Prudden Funeral Home

O. NEIL PRUDDEN

242 Genesee Street

Lockport, New York

Phone 170

Patronize Our Advertisers

Harrison Radiator Corporation

Lockport, New York

When making purchases mention "The Forum"

THE FORUM

Page One Hundred Seventeen

H. C. MAPES CORPORATION

Plumbing Heating and Ventilating

8 Pine Street

Lockport, N. Y.

Young father (looking at triplets the nurse has just brought out): Hmmm! We'll take the one in the middle. —*Arizona Kitty-Kat.*

"Yes, that's the price for two orchestra seats. Want 'em?"

"No, I think I'll take a Mediterranean cruise instead." —*Cornell Widow.*

QUALITY

SERVICE

GOODYEAR SHOE REBUILDING

154 Washburn Street

BEST MATERIALS

REASONABLE PRICES

Palace Beauty & Barber Shop

Permanent Waving & Finger Waving

Palace Theatre Building — Phone 2460

I am, with little doubt, right in saying that some time in his or her life, everyone has had, sometimes without realizing it, a passing fancy.

In a one-act play, the curtain goes down at the end instead of in the middle.

—*S. L.*

Golden Brown

Betty, aged six, had been told to watch a silk dress, drying in front of the fire, while her mother went upstairs.

Presently she called out, "Mummy, shall I turn it? It's lovely and brown on one side."

C. R. DOWNES

C. GORDON DOWNES

Dentists

409 Bewley Bldg.

Phone 389

Lockport, N. Y.

"For Seeds That Grow"

JAMES O. RIGNEL CO., Inc.

Patronize Our Advertisers

CASTLE'S ICE CREAM

Phone 282

10 Union Street

ELEVATOR COAL YARD

"DONNIE HANNA" COKE

"More Heat and Less Ash for Less Cash"

FERRIN & FRASER COAL CO., Inc.

Visit our "COTTON PATCH"

For Cotton Dresses and Suits

SAMPLE STYLE SHOP

87 MAIN ST.

LOCKPORT, N.Y.

"What is the difference between valor and discretion?"

"Well, to travel on an ocean liner without tipping would be valor."

"I see."

"And to come back on a different boat would be discretion."

Transcript.

HAMMOND OPTICAL CO.

Little Boy: Mother would like a tape measure if you please, sir.

Prekeeper: How long does she want

L. B.: Please, she would like to buy one.

Hezekiah (who has been scolding the maid): Both seem to be in the same unfortunate position. Ma-

Maids: Not likely! I'm giving her a week's notice tomorrow.

Dr. R. RAYMOND BAXTER

DENTIST

407-408 Bewley Bldg.

Tel. 262

P. E. McDERMOTT SHOP

51 MAIN ST.

"Furnishings of Quality"

When making purchases mention "The Forum"

THE JEWEL BOX

Diamonds — Watches — Jewelry
Expert Watch Repairing

28 LOCUST ST.

LOCKPORT, N. Y.

FUNERAL HOME

AMBULANCE SERVICE

Joseph M. Kennedy

Funeral Director

122 Walnut Street

Phone 1697

Lockport, N. Y.

"What are you children playing?" asked mother one day.

"We're playing church," replied Jackie.

"How nice!" said mother; "but worshippers shouldn't whisper in church."

"We know that, mother," said Jackie, "but we're the choir."

Friendly Warden: So you were a musician before you came here?

Convict: Yes.

F.W.: Well, I'm afraid I won't be able to give you much comfort in music here.

Convict: Oh, that's all right. Just give me a file and I'll get through a few bars

LOCKPORT DAIRY INC.

Guarding Your Health

43 EAST AVENUE

LOCKPORT, N. Y.

The Parrot

Jack Tar had just arrived at the old home cottage after voyaging about for a number of years. "Well, Mother," he said heartily, "how did you like the parrot I sent you?"

—Well, said his old mother dubiously, "it was nice and plump, Jack, but my, it was tough."

At Home

Book Canvasser (to little boy at gate of villa): "Is your mother at home?"

Little Boy (politely): "Yes, sir."

Canvasser (after knocking a dozen times): "I thought you said your mother was at home."

Boy: "Yes, she is, sir; but I don't live here."

ENDICOTT JOHNSON

20 MAIN STREET

LOCKPORT, N. Y.

Patronize Our Advertisers

PRINTING
OF
EVERY DESCRIPTION



THE CORSON COMPANY

PARK AVENUE AT MICHIGAN STREET

LOCKPORT • NEW YORK

TELEPHONE

2900

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THE FORUM

Page One Hundred Twenty-One

The Conway Dry Cleaning Company, Inc.

Home of the

Filter-Vac System of Dry Cleaning

PHONE 80

63-65 LOCUST STREET

The Forum Recommends—

CARR BROS.

Athletic Goods

65 MAIN STREET

LOCKPORT, N. Y.

His Share of the Load

Pat, who was moving farther out in the country, had asked a couple of friends to help carry his chicken house.

They found this a heavy job, but struggled on. About half way they set the coop down to have a rest, when one of them exclaimed, "Why, where's Pat?"

"In all right," came a voice from inside the chicken house, "I'm carrying the perches."

The Need For Prayer

A woman whose husband had joined the navy, gave a note to the clergyman the following Sunday. The note said: "Mr. Tom Smith, having gone to sea, his wife requests that the congregation pray for his safety."

The clergyman was nearsighted and as he read aloud, his congregation heard: "Mr. Tom Smith, having gone to see his wife, requests that the congregation pray for his safety."

For Graduation Gifts

Don't Fail to Visit

MINA W. KLINT **THE HOSIERY BOX** 8 LOCUST ST.

COME TO

THE JOHN T. DARRISON COMPANY

for

CAT and DOG RATIONS

Bird Supplies . . . Tonics . . . Fish Food . . . Remedies

THE CARL CO.

64-66 MAIN STREET

LOCKPORT, NEW YORK

The Home of Gold Bond Dividends

Patronize Our Advertisers

REED'S JEWELRY STORE

EDWARD T. REEDS Owner

2 Market St. — Bewley Bldg

"Nationally Advertised Watches on Payments"

Replacement Parts for CARS—TRUCKS—TRACTORS

COILS AND CONDENSERS TESTED FREE JUST TELL US WHAT YOU WANT

Have American Brake Blok applied to your brake shoes.

LOCKPORT CYLINDER GRINDING & PARTS CO

186 Walnut Street

Open Saturday Evenings to 9 P.M.

Phone 1409

Ask Ebenezer

"I certainly enjoyed the husking-
said the returned vacationer to
a friend. "Were you ever in the coun-

try during the season of husking-b

"Husking-bees!" exclaimed the g

"Why I never heard of that! How
do you husk a bee, anyway

CAFETERIA

HOT LUNCHES — 15c to 25c

60 MAIN ST

OLIVER, The Florist

PHONE 1904

506 LOCUST STREET

Horn Magic

A back home country boy came to
the county — r for the first time. The
thing that interested him most was the
brass band and more particularly the
slide trombone player who was some-

thing of an artist on the old "ship horn."

Finally the boy nudged the man next
to him and said, "you know there's
something tricky about that, 'cause I
know do gone well he an't swallerin'
that thing."

GOOD GULF GASOLINE AND MOTOR OILS

CUSHMAN SERVICE STATION

"Lubrication that MUST satisfy YOU"

13 ELM ST.

NEXT TO BEERS CHEV.

CHESTER O. BAYSOR

General Insurance

131 WEST AVENUE

=

LOCKPORT, N. Y.

When making purchases mention "The Forum"

THE FORUM

Page One Hundred Twenty-Three

E. E. MURDOCK, Grocer

DEALER IN

FINE GROCERIES AND MEATS
TEAS AND COFFEES A SPECIALTY

PHONE 152—WE DELIVER

We appreciate your patronage and are anxious to serve you.

Tramp: Thank you, lady. Is there anything I can do by way of return?

Lady: Yes—don't.

Joe: Did you get your hair cut?

Jim: No, I just washed it and it shrank.—*Annapolis Log.*

We thank you for your patronage in the past. Trust you will let us serve you again in the fall

WALKER & SON

46 Main St.

Lockport, N. Y.

LOCKPORT DRY CLEANING COMPANY

Cleaning, Dyeing, Pressing, Repairing

Lockport's Foremost Cleaners of Fine Clothes

123 Main St.

PHONE 1725—We do the rest

Lockport, N. Y.

Her First Check

A blithe young lady walked into a bank and addressed the paying teller: "I want to have this check cashed."

"Yes, madam," replied the teller, "please indorse it."

"Why, my husband sent it to me.

He is away on business."

"Yes, madam, but just indorse it. Sign it on the back, please, and your husband will know we paid it to you."

She went to the desk and in a few minutes returned to the window with the check indorsed: "Your loving wife, Edith."

DONALD A. KELSEY

Optometrist

5 MAIN ST.

PHONE-OFFICE 1652

LOCKPORT, NEW YORK

MORRIS HARDWARE CORP.

"Where You Buy Quality Merchandise"

Sporting Goods — Tools — General Hardware

38 Main Street

Phone 138

Lockport, N. Y.

Patronize Our Advertisers

Lockport Felt Co.

When making purchases mention "The Forum"

THE FORUM

Page One Hundred Twenty-Five

PALACE THEATRE

"Lockport's Finest and Most Beautiful Theatre"

— ALWAYS A GOOD SHOW —
AT OUR EVER POPULAR PRICES

Wrong Word

"I understand your wife came from a fine old family."

"'Came' is hardly the word—she brought it with her."

Teacher: Can anyone tell me what is meant by the expression "a skeleton in the cupboard"

Little Willie: Yes, sir. A chicken after the Sunday dinner.

SNAPPY CLOTHES FOR YOUNG MEN

M E Y E R S

CLOTHING — FURNISHINGS

75 MAIN STREET

LOCKPORT, N. Y.

DR. FRANK C. WEAVER

DR. J. ODEN NEVLING

DENTISTS

CLINTON BLDG.

LOCKPORT, N. Y.

Business

A priest offered twenty-five cents to the boy who could tell him who was the greatest man in history.

"Christopher Columbus," answered the Italian boy.

"George Washington," answered the

American boy

"St. Patrick," said the Jewish boy.

"The quarter is yours," said the priest, "but why did you say St. Patrick?"

"I knowed it was Moses all the time," said the Jewish boy, "but business is business."

27 Years in Lockport

Service For The Entire Family

J. FELDSTEIN'S

SHOE REPAIR SHOP — Expert Workmanship

37 MAIN STREET

LOCKPORT, N. Y.



E. ELMORE WICKER

Studio of Dance

BALLET — TAP — BALLROOM

Bewley Building

Phones 324-J—1556-J

Patronize Our Advertisers

SWEET - BROPHY CO., INC.

23 MAIN ST.

LOCKPORT, N.Y.

"I'm sorry, but I make it a rule never to lend money. It ruins friendship."

Still, old chap, we were never what you might call wonderful good friends. (Art Heston & Stockholm)

Before the World Series

Teacher (in geography class): "Can anyone tell me where Pittsburgh is?"

Voice (in rear): "Sure, they're playing in New York now."

PERFECT DIAMONDS

Hamilton, Elgin, Bulova, Illinois and Westfield Watches

Make Your Selection At

WEBERS JEWELRY STORE

132 MAIN STREET

LOCKPORT, N. Y.

His Choice

The bootblack: "Light or dark, sir?"

The absent-minded professor: "I'm not particular, but please don't give me the neck."

"So you are going on a strike?" said the cate patron.

"Yes," replied the waiter.

at Scott! If I have to put up with this j— I these years, I don't see why you can't!

Graduation

Portraits — —

Your graduation completes years of work and study.

Record this event with good photographs.

We can make, at your home or our studio, worthwhile pictures at a price you can afford to pay.

Make an appointment today.



93 Main St.
1690-W

Class Groups

Original photographs of class and organization pictures made by us for Forum are on sale at the studio, \$1.00 each. They are larger than Forum reproductions and photographically clear. The ones you are in will have a real sentimental value within a very few years. Order yours today.

When making purchases mention "The Forum"

THE FORUM

Page One Hundred Twenty-Seven

FORSEY BEAUTY STUDIO

For Artistic Hair Dressing

PHONE 592-W 119 MAIN STREET, LOCKPORT, N.Y.

BUICK and PONTIAC SALES and SERVICE

A. R. OLDHAM

51-55 LOCUST STREET

PHONE 297

Original Package

Teacher: "Tommy, can you tell me one of the uses of cowhide?"

Tommy: "Er, yessir. It keeps the cow together."

Help—Police!

Small Boy (to cop): "Say, there's a man after me, and I want protection."

Police: "Who is he?"

Small Boy: "My father."

Advance Showing of Tailored and Dressy Dresses, suitable for Class Day or Graduation,
sizes 12 to 20, 36 to 44—Reasonably Priced from \$5.95 to \$22.50

HALL'S FASHION CENTER

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LOCKPORT, N.Y.

"Where quality is higher than price"

*Graduate-Buyers
Shop Here
and Save*

CHRISTY
MARINE SUPPLIES

54 Vine St. Lockport
Phones 994 and 1805-R.

A Weighty Question

The subject was taken up in a science class on "gravity."

"Now, children," she said, "it is the law of gravity that keeps us on the earth."

"But please," inquired one small boy, "how did we stick on before the law was passed?"

CHARLES C. CAMPBELL & SON, Inc.

JEWELERS—SILVERSMITHS

86 MAIN STREET

LOCKPORT, NEW YORK

Eyes
Examined

C. C. CAMPBELL, JR.
Optometrist

Glasses
Fitted

Patronize Our Advertisers

Each Year the Average Family Spends \$114 for Fruits and Vegetables

Isn't it worth a few cents a
day to keep them fresh?

No doubt, you, like most housewives, watch the pennies when shopping. But do you realize that in the average home one tenth of the food that is bought is wasted. Most of this waste can be prevented with *Electric Refrigeration*.

The new food economies made possible with an Electric Refrigerator are real savings which can be depended upon day after day. Let us show you in actual figures how you can economize with Electric Refrigeration. Or ask any dealer.



New York State Electric and Gas Corporation

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PHONE 2761-W — RES. 2816

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DENTIST

PALACE THEATRE BLDG. LOCKPORT, N.Y.

"We Save you money — and Serve you better"

BERT & BEN *the tire men*

FIRESTONE TIRE SERVICE

Walnut and Pearl St.

Phone 2230

Sergeant: If you were guarding a powder magazine, and a shell struck it, what would you do?

Rookie: Go up with the report, sir.

Barber (to small boy): How would you like it cut, sonny?

Small boy: With a hole in the middle like papa's.

BEN'S BEAUTY PARLOR

All Branches of Beauty Culture

MAIN FLOOR PHONE 1753 BEWLEY BLDG.

W. A. HILLWIG

Optometrist

307 Bewley Bldg., Lockport, N.Y. Open Evenings, Phone 1748

Encores on Toast

In the midst of the second winter of the depression, a vaudeville performer received a call to come to the office of a certain theatrical agent. He went, gloomily. The agent greeted him with a big smile, the first the performer had

seen for a long time.

"Good news!" exclaimed the agent. "I've booked your performing pigeons for an act to run six weeks."

"Too late," replied the actor. "I've eaten the act."

SAVE WITH
SAFETY
AT *Parsons* DRUG CO.
TEN GOOD
DRUG STORES

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THE LEADERS OF TOMORROW

... are among the Graduates of today.

An account in this institution will help
any Graduate to go on to still greater
success.

LOCKPORT EXCHANGE TRUST COMPANY

Lockport, New York

When making purchases mention "The Forum"

THE FORUM

Page One Hundred Thirty-One

ROY H. ERNEST

Attorney and Counselor

LOCKPORT, N. Y.

Telephone 1068

First Moron: Why are you putting all those patches on that inner tube?

Second M.: So that when I get a puncture, it will be already mended.

Daughter: But you should never judge a man by his clothes, mother.

Mother: No, I always judge him by his wife's clothes.

Be Thrifty—

*Form the Habit of Shopping
At Sears. It Pays You Well.*

SEARS ROEBUCK and CO.

Market Street

Lockport, N. Y.

Resigned to Her Fate

The little girl had just come home from her first day at school and her mother asked her, "Well, darling, what did they teach you?"

"Nothing much," replied the child, "I've got to go again."

"Don't Trifle With That Bird!"

The small storekeeper wrote for a supply of goods. He received a wire, "Cannot send goods until last consignment paid for."

The small merchant replied: "Cancel order; cannot wait so long."

BEYER'S BARBER SHOP

"EXCELS IN QUALITY WORK"

BEWLEY BLDG.

LOCKPORT, NEW YORK

PARK AVENUE LUNCH

13 PARK AVENUE

A Good Place to come to Eat

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DAY DIVISION

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Mechanical Engineering
Electrical Engineering
Chemical Engineering
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MILTON J. SCHLAGENHAUF, Director of Admissions

Boston, Massachusetts

When making purchases mention "The Forum"

TENBROOK'S RESTAURANT
CAMPBELL BLVD.

Not Nere, But Spotlessly Clean

Teacher: "What is the formula for water?"

Wilhe: "HIJKLM O"

Teacher: "Nonsense"

Wilhe: "You said yesterday it was H to O"

The Hyphen

English school marm: "Young lady, spell bird cage."

Young lady: "B-I-R-D-C-A-G-E"

English school marm: "Very good."

Young lady: "Or the little birdie to sit on?"

STUDEBAKER

REO — the car without a gearshift lever

SALES & SERVICE

TIMKEY MOTOR CAR CO.

PIERCE ARROW

80-84 Market St., Lockport, N. Y.

Simple Bookkeeping

A colored truck operator was informed that he could not get his money until he had submitted an itemized

statement for a certain hauling job. After much meditation he scribbled the following bill:

"3 comes and 3 goes at 4 bits a went

Use

Lucky Biscuit
Flour

FOR

FINE BISCUITS
IN A JIFFY

A Lockport-made Product

Guaranteed worth the price
Guaranteed satisfactory

TRY IT

Federal Mill, Inc.
LOCKPORT, N. Y.

AFTER GRADUATION

WHY NOT make
Enjoy your work and
thy and happy
prevent out
e to others

SAVAGE SCHOOL

For Physical Education

Established 1890

An Exceptionally Strong Faculty

A Teacher-Training School which prepares
to become

d classroom

Catalogue Upon Request

Employment bureau for students and graduates

Register Now

Class Entering September 17, 1934

SAVAGE SCHOOL

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Royal or Corona Portable Typewriters make useful and ideal graduation gifts
Prices from \$35 to \$45
on Parkers Duofold Fountain Pens we allow a special school discount of 25 per cent

A. J. LAUX & COMPANY

STATIONERS

PRINTERS

RICHFIELD SERVICE STATION

CORNER BUFFALO & WALNUT

100 Per Cent Richfield Products

AL SCHEIMSCHACK

IREN STICKNEY

Not in the Agreement

Visitor: "My brother bought a car here last week and you told him if anything broke you'd supply a new part."

Manager: "Certainly. What does he want?"

Visitor: "Two muscles, a couple of kneecaps, one elbow, and about a half yard of new skin immediately."

The Scientific Viewpoint

An electrician returned home from work one night to find his small son waiting for him with his right hand swathed in a bandage.

"Cut your hand, Sonny?" he asked.

"No, dad," was the reply. "I picked up a pretty little bug in the garden, and one end of him wasn't insulated."

HOME MADE CANDIES ENOS CANDY SHOP 67-71 LOCUST STREET, LOCKPORT, N.Y.

R. F. D.

John: "Tom, what name of car do you call that one you have?"

Tom: "Well, it's the old reliable type, the 'R. F. D.'"

John: "What's that?"

Tom: "Rescued from the dumps."

Poor Dick!

Mrs. Newlywed (distractedly): "I've told you to keep out of the kitchen, Dick. Now see what you've done—knocked down my cookery book and lost my page and I haven't any idea what I was cooking."

CROSE & LEARY *Furnaces, Sheet Metal and Roofing* 6 Pine Street Phone 1582 Lockport, N. Y.

LOCUST FRUIT MARKET

Fruits and Vegetables

PHONE 2011

SCIRTO BROS., Props.

7 LOCUST STREET

When making purchases mention "The Forum"

JOHN YOUNG

FLOUR, FEED and IMPLEMENT CO. Inc.

41-61 BUFFALO STREET LOCKPORT, N. Y.

John had become the proud owner of a pig, and insisted on caring for it himself.

After a few weeks, his father noticed that the animal did not appear to thrive, and remarked:

"John, you're not feeding your pig enough. It doesn't seem to be fattening at all."

"I don't want to fatten him yet," answered John. "I'm waiting until he gets as long as I want him, then I'll begin to widen him out."

Back in the eighties, a noted physician, a teacher in a London medical school, was named a member of the staff of physicians at Buckingham palace. The doctor wrote this message on the blackboard explaining why he could no longer conduct his classes:

"Dr. Blank regrets that he can no longer teach his classes as he has this day been appointed to Her Majesty, Queen Victoria."

Beneath this, some wag later wrote: "God save the Queen"

BILERS CHEVROLET CO., INC.

Chevrolet and Oldsmobile

SALES AND SERVICE

Porter: Anyone here for Chicago, Buffalo or New York?

Dear Old Lady (to a fellow passen-

ger as the train is moving out of the station): I'm going to Buffalo myself but I wasn't going to tell that inquisitive young man

CONOVER & REYNOLDS FUNERAL HOME

46 EAST AVENUE

PHONE 701

Compliments of

MILLS JEWELRY STORE

Patronize Our Advertisers

Rialto

THEATRE

In Appreciation
of Cooperation of
Faculty and Students

SCHINE THEATRES Inc.

Hopeful One: I say, old man, I'm in a terrible fix. I need some money badly and I haven't the slightest idea where I'm going to get it from.

Discouraging Friend: Glad to hear it, I was afraid that you might have an idea you could borrow it from me.

Poet: Isn't the editor in?

Boy: No, sir. He left for South America this morning.

Poet: Do you know when he will return?

Boy: Well, he said he wouldn't get back until after lunch.

RUHLMAN BROS. HARDWARE, INC

General Hardware
Colman Instant Light Stoves
Devco Paints

61 Main Street

Lockport, N. Y.

Generous Offer

"Will you pay me what I'm worth?"

Employer: "I'll do better than that. I'll give you a small salary to start with.

First Youngster: Where'd you get that black eye? Been fighting?

Second Y.: Oh, no. I was watching a baseball game through a knot hole in the fence, and it got sun burned.

Dr. James W. Duncan

When making purchases mention "The Forum"

THE FORUM

Page One Hundred Thirty-Seven

RAILWAY EXPRESS AGENCY

Fast & Dependable Service by our Company

170 WALNUT STREET

CAMP KENAN

JUNE 24 — AUG. 20

Operated by Lockport Y. M. C. A.

Mother: And what did you do with the ten cents I gave you for taking your medicine?

Sonny: I bought five cents' worth of candy and gave Jimmy the other five for taking the medicine for me.

A visitor commented to a menagerie manager upon the beautiful spectacle of lion and lamb side by side.

"Yes," was the confidential reply, "but occasionally we have to renew the lamb."

MARKET STREET GARAGE

Parking, Washing and Greasing

Complete line of gasolines and oils

Lawrence C. Speranza, Prop.

37 Market St.

WARNER'S

Lunches and Sandwiches Cakes Salted Nuts Soda and Ice Cream

35 MAIN ST.

PHONE 1084

"The people of this country must grow more wheat," declaimed the candidate.

"How about hay?" shouted a heckler.

"I'm talking about food for man-kind just now," said the candidate, "but I'll get around to your case in a minute."

Two college girls were having lunch together.

"My dear," said one, "Why do you always call your mother 'the mater'?"

"Because," answered the other girl, "she managed to find husbands for all my seven sisters."

W. B. Eaton Construction Co., Inc.

ENGINEERS — CONTRACTORS

OLSON BUILDING

PHONE 955

LOCKPORT, N. Y.

Patronize Our Advertisers

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FOR SCHOOL BANDS

Caps and Gowns — Pulpit and Choir Vestments — Glee Club Gowns

Nurses Capes and Uniforms — Supplies for Fraternal Societies

Send for Catalog and Prices

THE C. E. WARD CO.

NEW LONDON, OHIO

Reckless Chivalry

Recently a certain citizen was invited to dinner at the house of one of the leading men of his locality. At the dinner-table he was placed opposite a goose. The lady of the house was placed on the visitor's left. Seeing the goose he remarked:

"Shall I sit so close to this bird?"

No sooner had he spoken the words than he suspected that they might be misunderstood. Nervously he turned to the lady on his left and offered an apology.

"Excuse me," he stammered, as he bowed to her, "I should have said 'this roasted goose'."

COME AND SEE

Latest McKay Champion Stitcher

LOUIS SHOE REPAIR

Richmond Ave.

FIRST CLASS WORK

TAYLOR & REYNOLDS

FUNERAL HOME

NIAGARA AT TRANSIT

LOCKPORT N.Y.

Open for Inspection at all Times

Mr.: I read in last night's paper that there are 30 different ways of making coffee.

Mrs.: Well, why on earth do you tell me that

Mr.: I should like it very much if you could learn only one of them.

Old friend: Well, I'm glad wealth hasn't changed you.

Millionaire: Yes, it has. I'm now "eccentric" where I used to be impolite, and "delightfully sarcastic" where I used to be rude.

D. & W. LAUNDRY

50 Monroe Street

Phone 1572W

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THE FORUM

Page One Hundred Thirty Nine

Niagara University

Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Conducted by the Vincentian Fathers

Chartered under the Regents of the University
of the State of New York.

College of Arts and Sciences—Dean: Rev. Francis
L. Meade, C. M.

Courses leading to the degrees of Bachelor
of Arts, Bachelor of Science, Bachelor of
Science in Chemistry, Bachelor of Philoso-
phy. Preparatory courses for Medicine, Law,
Dentistry and leading professions.

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son, B.B.A.

Courses leading to the degrees of Bachelor
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Science with a major in Economics. The
B.B.A. degree course will be accepted for
three years experience toward the C.P.A.
Certificate.

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Courses leading to the degrees of Master
of Arts, Master of Science, Master of Busi-
ness Administration and Doctor of Philos-
ophy.

For catalogue, address the Registrar.

Patronize Our Advertisers.

First Guy: As soon as winter comes, I'm going to stop playing billiards.

Another Guy: How's that?

First Guy: Every time those three balls get together it reminds me of where my overcoat is.

Wifey: I had to marry you to find out how stupid you are.

Hubby: You ought to have known that when I asked you.

Piano and Organ Instruction

Helen Kinzly Webb

126 Windemere Road

—also—

128 Erie Street

Phone 1738 W

UPSON PRODUCTS BOARD

**should be of interest to
students and graduates**

Many Lockport High School graduates are connected with the making of Upson Products.

They take pride in these products and the fact that they are a part of one of the largest industries of its kind in the world.

We ask Lockport High students and graduates to consider and use Upson Products.

THE UPSON COMPANY

LOCKPORT.



NEW YORK

THE FORUM

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*For Information
About*

Business Education

Send for our catalog

**BRYANT & STRATTON
BUSINESS COLLEGE**

1028 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

It Pays To Attend A Good School

Judge: Have you anything to say before I sentence you?

Prisoner: No. But get it over quickly, your honor, or else I won't be in jail by dinner time.

You mustn't expect me to give up my girlhood ways all at once, dear.

Teddy: Certainly not, love. I'm taking an allowance from your pocket if nothing had happened.

Congratulations Seniors

WM. A. DICKENSON COMPANY
Rialto Bldg., Lockport, N. Y.

**Everything in
Insurance**

Page One Hundred Forty-One

NIAGARA SUPPLY CO., Inc.
COAL — COKE BUILDERS' SUPPLIES
PHONE 786

Lockport Cotton Batting Co.

MAKERS OF

"Rogers Quality" Cotton Batting

Bandit: Hand over yer dough, an' be quick about it.

Victim: Too late, man. Your pal up the street got it first.

Smith: Why is it, Jones, that although you are a gardener, I never see you with a flower in your buttonhole?

Jones: Well, you're a butcher, aren't you? But I never see you going around with a pork chop around your neck.

Dr. Dash: There goes the only woman I ever loved.

Dr. Dash: I can't afford to. She's my best patient.

Mrs.: You can't imagine how warm my love is.

Mr.: Indeed I do! I have noticed that my money melts when I'm near you.

RADIO LUNCH
For QUALITY and SERVICE

5 Locust Street

LOCKPORT, N. Y.

Williams Brothers Co.

*The Style and Shopping Centre of
Niagara County*

Patronize Our Advertisers

ORDER
Jeddo-Highland Anthracite
FROM
The Fuel Market of the Town
8-10 W. MAIN ST. W. H. UPSON, Inc.

EVER-NEW CHINESE LAUNDRY
Phone Lockport 2128-J
49 LOCUST STREET LOCKPORT, N Y

Jones: Deep breathing often helps to stop pain.

Smith: Yes, and the same effect is obtained from ceasing breathing altogether.

Justice: How did the accident happen?

Strenic: Why, I dimmed my lights and was hugging a curve.

Justice: Yeah, that's how most accidents happen.



TO THE GRADUATES



Our Sincerest Wish Is "Success In Your Chosen Field"

Now, more than ever, it behooves you to know of the happenings of the day.

There is no medium that can give you this knowledge quicker and in a more concise form than the Daily Newspaper.

Keep up with the times . . . read your paper.

THE UNION-SUN & JOURNAL
LOCKPORT, N.Y.

When making purchases mention "The Forum"

THE FORUM

Page One Hundred Forty-Three

NO SILVER SPOON JUST A SAVINGS ACCOUNT

The man who saves does not worry because he was not born with a silver spoon in his mouth.

—Save—save regularly—

—Begin now—

And some day you'll think how lucky you were to have started. Then you can buy silver spoons and many other things, too.

FARMERS & MECHANICS SAVINGS BANK LOCKPORT, N.Y.

Patronize Our Advertisers.

Graduation Gifts

Gladden the heart of the graduates.—Show that you are appreciative of their efforts. Present him or her with a gift long to be remembered—a gift from the Jeweler's. There is nothing that will give them more pleasure than a gift of jewelry.

Come in and look around—we have for your selection many items in a wide price range that will please the primary, high school or college graduate.

HARRY HAMILL

Jeweler

77 Main Street

Lockport, N. Y.

An Easy Game

A school teacher had found her class of boys reluctant in writing English compositions. At last she thought of a plan to stimulate their interest—this was to have them write an account of a ball game.

Her plan was successful. With one

exception the boys threw themselves at the task and evolved youthful masterpieces.

The backward one chewed at his pen, and was then struck by a burst of genius. When the teacher opened his paper it read:

"Rain; no game."

JOHN F. LAMBERI

HARDWARE, PAINTS, OILS and VARNISHES
FISHING TACKLE and AMMUNITION

Sherwin Williams Products

PHONE 2812

33 LOCUST STREET

Mrs. Moore: Sara, look, I can write my name in the dust on this table.

Maid: Am't it great to have an education?

"Your wife is talking of going to Paris this summer. Have you any objections?"

"Dear me, no—let her talk."

DR. CHAS. A. KAISER

Osteopathic Physician

212 OLSON BLDG.

PHONE: Office 1403

+

+

Residence 2126

When making purchases mention "The Forum"

THE FORUM

Page One Hundred Forty-Five

Use That Good Gulf Gasoline & Gulfube Motor Oil

ROY K. CLARK, Distributor

25 BUFFALO ST.

LOCKPORT, N. Y.

Many a man gets credit for being brave because he hasn't sense enough to run.

Bronson: Do you remember when a girl was proud of having a wasp-like waist?

Morris: I ought to remember it. That was when I got stung.

Niece: What is your idea of a clever woman, Uncle Ned? One who can see the point of a joke?

Uncle: No, a woman who can laugh at a joke without seeing the point.

"Why do you come to school when your brother has the measles?"

"He is only my stepbrother."



Sanford S. Gooding Press

INCORPORATED

*Creative Artists and Craftsmen Organized to Produce
Original and Effective Printing*

LOHRMANN BLDG., PINE ST.

LOCKPORT, N. Y.

Mrs.: What? A machine that does the work of 25 men? Why, it must have almost as much sense as a human being.

Mr.: Not if it does all that work.

She: Will I sing "I Love You?"

Not if you really do.

"I fozzled with that fellow," said the real estate agent mournfully. "I told him that Blunkville was the most healthful town in the state."

"Well?"

"He was a doctor."

CONLEY and WILSON

Licensed Restaurant

175-177 WALNUT STREET

JAMES S. TRACY

Chiropractor

Telephone 883

97 Main Street

Patronize Our Advertisers

THE BAKE SHOP

AT TWENTY-SIX LOCUST STREET

catering to discriminating tastes with an unusual variety of

Cakes, Pastries, Cookies, Bread and Rolls

ALLEN VAN DE MARK PHONE 2292 JOHN PERANG

Manager: Huh! Your answer is as clear as mud.

Office Boy: Well, sir, that covers the ground, doesn't it?

Boarder: This steak is like a cold day in June—very rare.

Landlady: And your bill is like March weather—very unsettled.

FURNITURE

GROCERIES

Witkop and Holmes Co.

Direct Home Service since 1890

4-6 LOCK STREET

LOCKPORT, N. Y.

Lady: (On operating table) "Oh, nurse, I'm so scared because this is my first operation.

Nurse: Never mind; this is the doctor's first too.

Clubby: Do you still run around with that little blonde?

Van: She's married now.

Clubby: Answer my question!

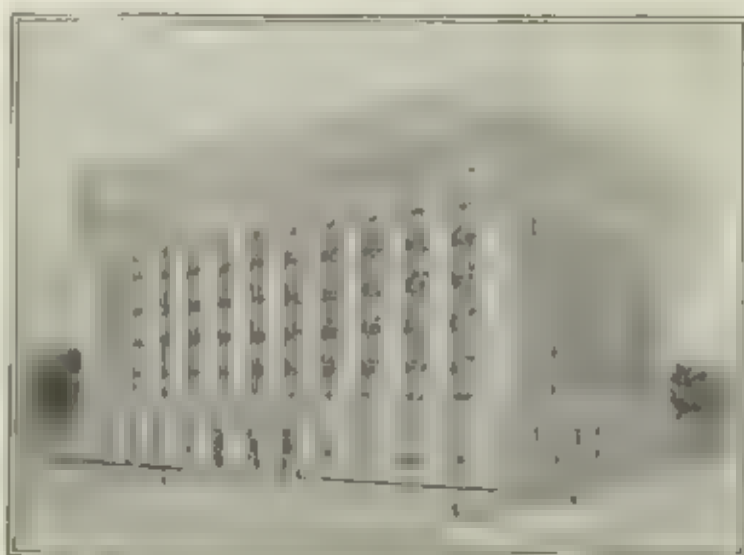
LERCH & DALY
CLOTHIERS and FURNISHERS
85 MAIN STREET

Ellis R. Searing, D. D. S.

11 Clinton Building,

Lockport, N. Y.

When making purchases mention "The Forum"



*Congratulations
to the
Class of
— 1934 —*

The House of Protection,

Offers to the Class of 1934, Lockport High School — both boys and girls — a part in "A BILLION DOLLAR ESTATE." More than half a million Americans have banded together in the NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL for the financial security of themselves and their families.

Its assets as reported to State Departments of Insurance now total A BILLION DOLLARS — a great estate administered for mutual welfare and protection.

You Young Folks—By placing a part of your earnings with the NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL as premiums on a life insurance policy, will insure financial independence — assure a monthly income for yourself, and make sure a happy Old Age.

Don't merely wish for a Happy Old Age. INSURE ONE AT ONCE

Mail us the Coupon shown here for a free booklet — "Your Part of a Billion Dollar Estate."

THE NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE CO.

Milwaukee, Wis.

Booklet — Your

My Age is

The Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company

is represented in Niagara County By,

HENRY B. OTWAY, Special Agent,

404 Bewley Building

Phone 238

Lockport, N. Y.

Patronize Our Advertisers

Invest Wisely — Attend A Good School

There is an increasing demand for

SECRETARIES
JUNIOR EXECUTIVES
ACCOUNTANTS
STENOGRAPHERS

Investigate These Opportunities

call, write or phone for 1934 bulletin

Kelly Business Institute

1321 Main Street
Niagara Falls, N.Y.

Chown School of Business

703 Main Street
Buffalo, N.Y.

The census is taken in Scotland by
rolling a penny down the street.

The reason men prefer blondes is that
they are tired of squeezing blackheads.

Pianist: What would you like to hear
most?

Bored One: The gentle sound of the
piano lid being closed.

THE FOOD YOU LIKE TO EAT

BLANDING'S

THE PRICE YOU LIKE TO PAY

A Scotchman once found a crutch and
then went home and broke his grand-
father's leg.

A Scotchman sat up all night watching
his wife's vanishing cream.

The result of inflation or something?
Question: If you have five dimes
in your pocket, how many cents have
you?

Answer: Twenty-four cents.
(Bad luck)

DR. F. J. MOYER

When making purchases mention "The Forum"

THE FORUM

Page One Hundred Forty-Nine

DR. DECI

Chiropodist

Bewley Building

Phone 1748

Dorothy Scott Beauty Parlor

"Beauty Culture of All Kinds"

Olson Building

Phone 1647

On Your Marx

A young lady who was doing publicity for a New York hospital thought it would be a good stunt if she could get Harpo Marx to go to the hospital to make a news-reel picture. After daily attempts to reach him by phone for almost two weeks, the arrangements were concluded, and she met him at his apartment to take him to the hospital. As they were stepping out of the door the telephone rang. "Wait a minute," Harpo said, his hand on the door. "Maybe that's you again."

Miss Sipson insists that whoever said, "Figures don't lie," never looked at an algebra test paper.

To a Strong-Willed Lady

You'll make someone a splendid wife,
You'll complement somebody's life,
You'll be somebody's pride and joy,
You'll make someone a happy boy.
You'll dominate somebody's house,
A never-resting, able spouse.
A strong and helpful mate you'll be
To someone—thank the Lord, not me.

Two Can Live—

"Ah Weel, a mon can always move in with his wife's folks if the worst comes."

"And when did ya go and get married, Alex"?

"Na, na, I'm na married yet, but I may have to be lookin' around soon."

Phone 2139

DR. D. PAUL GAUGEL

DENTIST

88 EAST AVENUE (Professional Building) LOCKPORT, NEW YORK

PEASES DAIRY

Jersey Milk

PHONE 3085-J-1

LOCKPORT

Patronize Our Advertisers.

